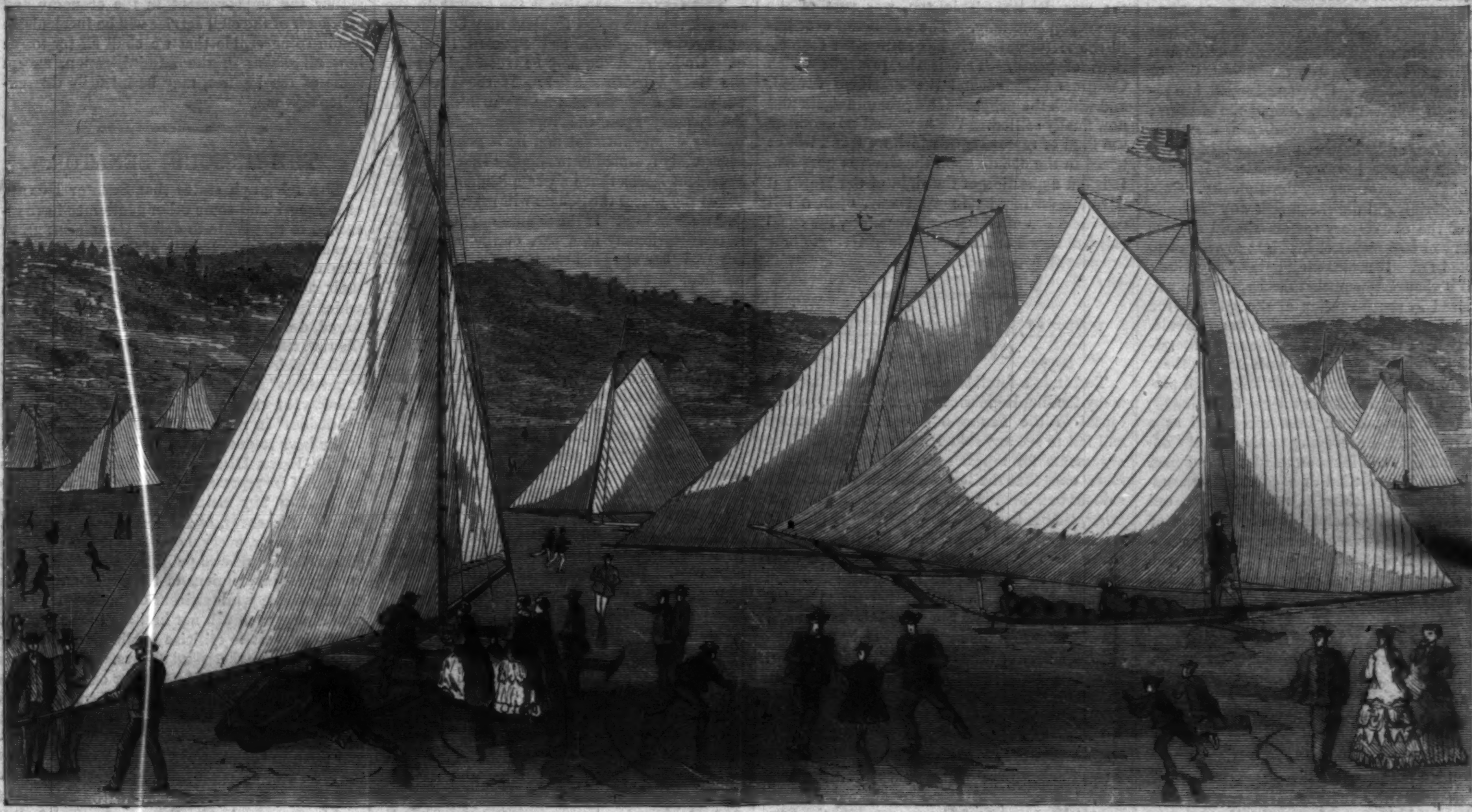
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 629.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.



WINTER SPORTS—ICE-BOATS ON THE HUDSON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SLEE BROTHERS.]

ICE-BOATS ON THE HUDSON.

THE ice-yacht is a boat on skates, and is impelled by the wind in the same manner as an ordinary yacht. There has been for some time at Poughkeepsie, in this State, an Ice Yacht Club, modeled after the New York Yacht Club. Thus the frozen waters of the Hudson do not by any means impede the winter navigation of the river; indeed, with a strong wind and upon a smooth surface of ice, one of these ice-boats will attain a speed of one mile per minute, thus outrunning the locomotive, and literally flying with the speed of the wind.

For several winters a race has been contemplated between these singular yachts; but the condition of the ice has never been favorable at the time agreed upon. Our illustration on this page shows the fleet at Poughkeepsie. This fleet consists of eight boats: the *Flying Cloud*, owned by IRVING GRINNELL; the *Icicle*, by JOHN ROOSEVELT; the *Snow Squall*, by THEODORE V. JOHNSTON; the *Una*, by AARON INNIS; the *Flying Dutchman*, by THEODORE VAN KLEEK; the *Haze*, by JOHN JAY INNIS; the *Restless*, by Commodore O. H. BOOTH; and the *Snow Flake*, by THOMAS PARISH.

THE FIRE AT LYNN.

WE give on this page an illustration of the destructive conflagration at Lynn, Massachusetts, on the morning of the 26th of December. The Lyceum Hall, in which the fire originated, was totally destroyed; and the high wind spread the flames rapidly across the street to Frazier's Block, which contained four large shoe-manufac-

DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION AT LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS, DECEMBER 26, 1868.—[SKETCHED BY A. H. BERRY.]

tories and the Post-office. This building was burned almost to the ground. Then followed Bubier's Block, with four more shoe-manufactories, which were utterly ruined. The fire was chiefly in Market Street, on the western side. Fire-engines were sent from Boston and Chelsea. The loss of property is estimated at $300,000. Six hundred people were thrown out of employment.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1869.

CONGRESS AND GEORGIA.

CONGRESS will now address itself to work. There is no election at hand to retard or paralyze it. The country has expressed its will plainly both as to the general principle of reconstruction and of the financial policy. The questions that remain are of expediency and detail.

One of the first of this kind is what is known as the Georgia question, arising from the doubt thrown upon the conformity of the action of that State to the intention of the Reconstruction Act. Of course it is not a matter of hair-splitting or of special pleading. Congress intended to secure equal political rights among the citizens; and if by any quibble or straining, or literal interpretation, or by any serious oversight in the law, that purpose has been defeated, it is the duty of Congress to remedy the difficulty. Congress certainly did not mean that any disabling laws of the old slavery system should deprive any new citizen either of his right to vote or to be voted for. It meant no juggle of any kind; and if it should appear that the Legislature was organized in contravention of the spirit of the reconstruction law, or, on the other hand, that its exclusion of the colored members was literally valid under the constitution adopted, there ought to be no delay in such action as will prevent any recurrence of the mischief.

Georgia has not yet been recognized as a State reorganized according to the will of Congress, and that will is supreme upon the subject. The people have settled that point. The argument for doing nothing is not, therefore, one of constitutional principle, it is solely one of expediency. If Senator TRUMBULL, who is understood to favor the inaction of Congress, can show that it will be better for the welfare of all the people of the State that Congress should acquiesce in the expulsion of the colored members, and in the participation in the organization of incompetent persons—in other words, if he can show that it is expedient that in the case of Georgia the requirements of the Reconstruction Act should be disregarded; or if he can prove that they have been literally observed, and that the consequences are likely to be generally advantageous, he will be entitled to the sympathy of the Senate and of the country. But he should beware of generalization; for the case is exceptional, and he should remember—as he undoubtedly will—that the substance is much more important than the form. Senator TRUMBULL is an acute, an able, an experienced, and an independent legislator, and he does not speak at random. We therefore anticipate his remarks with peculiar interest.

There is one consideration which we feel sure will not escape him. He knows, of course, how hostile the old sentiment of the Southern States is to the new political element. He knows how singularly unfortunate the freedmen are from their previous condition, and in the extreme difficulty which they experience of obtaining land. He has seen in the conduct of the late election under what kind of practical terrorism they lie; and he knows, with all intelligent men, that terrorism is at this time merely latent, and would immediately actively manifest itself upon the slightest opportunity. He must perceive, of course, that the paramount necessity of the situation is the abiding conviction of the hostile element in the lately disturbed States of the inexorable determination of the country that this persecution of the freedmen must cease. Now it can not be abolished by law. It will indeed be very slowly removed even under the most favorable circumstances. But every thing, upon the part of Congress or of Northern sentiment, which seems to tolerate this persecution is an incalculable harm to the welfare of every one of those States. It encourages the suspicion that there is no more real sympathy for the freedmen in the loyal States than in the others, and that at last "the North" will be tired out, and will abandon the negro to his "natural condition."

How foolish such a view is it is unnecessary to point out, but it is equally unnecessary to deny that it exists. How injurious, also, such a view is to the general tranquillity is obvious. It becomes then a very important element in every question of expediency that the moral weight of Congressional action tend to emphasize still more strongly the fact that the national purpose in this matter is as fixed as ever. The Senate may therefore very properly ask itself whether if a literal obedience to the Reconstruction Act defeats in a vital point the very intention of the law, it will recognize a State which uses the letter to defeat the spirit; while if the literal obedience be not proved, it may with equal cogency inquire whether the inexpediency of countenancing the exclusion of the colored members of the Georgia Legislature is not necessarily greater than that of excluding the State itself until the purpose of its restoration is secured.

The difficulty with Democratic reasoning in this country since the year 1860 has been its total disregard of the controlling fact of the situation, which was civil war. It has constantly implied that the nation must submit to destruction, if only the constitutional argument could be carried against it. Prove that the nation had no constitutional right to take every usual means of war to preserve its existence, and it was reasoned out of existence. This was what the rebels did before the war began. They had satisfied themselves that it was unconstitutional for the Union to resist dissolution by force. Such a conclusion was the simple ecstasy of folly. This Democratic reasoning, peremptorily baffled by the war itself, has been sedulously continued since active hostilities ended. It has conducted the reconstruction debate as it did the war debate. This, too, was part of the same exquisite folly. The war is not over until the victorious party has settled the foundations of peace. This is the principle which Congress affirmed and the President denied, and which the people have again and again and now finally settled. We hope that no strain of the kind of reasoning of which we speck will be heard in the debate upon the Georgia question. It is not a question of the right of the State; it is solely an inquiry in what way, upon a fair consideration of all the circumstances, the equal political rights of all the people of Georgia may be most fully secured.

REPEAL OF THE TENURE-OF-OFFICE ACT.

THERE is a forcible expression of opinion in many leading Republican papers in favor of the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act. But we still fail to see any sufficient reason for it. The arguments for repeal seem to be substantially two: one, that the law was made to baffle the evident bad intention of the President; and the other, that it has done no good, and is likely to do none, inasmuch as the civil offices were never filled upon the whole with a worse class of gentlemen than the present occupants. There is, indeed, another consideration urged which is plausible but, under the actual circumstances, not cogent—that the President, as the chief executive officer of the Government, ought to appoint and remove his own agents, because, if he does not, it is unfair to hold him responsible for the proper execution of the laws.

Let us first consider this last argument. It is plain that the Constitution does not take this view of executive responsibility: for it does not allow the President alone to appoint officers, except by consent of Congress, while the Senate is associated with him in the appointment of all others; and if the Senate will not confirm the officer that he nominates he is as much baffled as when it refuses to remove an officer at his suggestion. The argument, that his executive responsibility fairly requires that the President have the unrestricted power of removal, is equally good for the unrestricted power of appointment.

But as a matter of fact, the President, under the old system, knows nothing more of the character and capacity of the majority of the officers he nominates than the country at large. Mr. JENCKES, of Rhode Island, who has made himself more familiar with the details of office-holding than any other man, and whose Civil Service bill is already approved by the most thoughtful and intelligent, says, in a late speech in Boston before the American Social Science Association: "All that is known of the men who apply for office by the heads of Departments who appoint them to office is the recommendations they bring. These are often false, and the result is that many are incompetent to perform the duties of the office they hold." Now, by the theory of the argument we are considering, the President is responsible for all these officers. Yet they are virtually appointed by the heads of Departments upon the nomination of certain politicians, and the Senate, if there be feud between the branches of the Government, merely registers the appointment. A local politician, or a ring of such, urge a man upon the Secretary, not upon grounds of character and ability but merely of party service, and often of a kind that should send the man to Coventry if not to Sing Sing; the Secretary names him to the President, the President to the Senate, and he is confirmed. Can the President feel any responsibility for such a subordinate? Does any body believe that he does, or is he held to any account for the faults of the officer by any body who understands the nature of the case? If, indeed, charges are made against the officer, the President under the old system might peremptorily remove him. But under the tenure bill he may suspend him, and may then proceed to prove his fault or his incapacity to the Senate—a process which prevents removal merely at the freak, or worse, of the chief Executive.

Again, if it be true that, under the tenure bill, the offices are filled with so unhandsome a class as is alleged, the original difficulty is certainly with the President who nominated them. If he is dissatisfied he can suspend them and expose them, and the Senate will remove them. The President, under both the old and new systems, has the initiative. And if it be true that the office-holders, as a class, are worse than ever before, it is not because the Senate keeps them in, but because the President does not ask to have them turned out. The repeal of the tenure bill would not turn them out unless the President chose to remove them; and to suppose that the bill would hamper General GRANT in his desire to remove incapable and dishonest officers is to assume that the Senate wishes to retain them. But if it does it is surely unfit to have any part in the appointment of their successors—a part which is given to it by the Constitution. If the Senate wishes to have bad men in office it will reject the nomination of good men. If it wishes good men in office it will not oppose the President's proposition to remove bad ones.

This last consideration is the answer to the remark that the new President may be trusted, and need not be bound as the present President is. Undoubtedly he may be trusted, but must the Senate be distrusted? If the President nominates a person who seems to him and to the Senate, upon the representations made, worthy of appointment and he is confirmed, it is certainly reasonable to suppose that when the President learns that he was mistaken and suspends the officer the Senate will agree with him and remove him. If the Senate ought to be, as it constitutionally is, a part of the appointing power, it has not yet been shown why it should not be a part of the removing power. If it be replied that the Constitution did not make it so, it is enough to say that the Constitution does not forbid it, and that experience shows the wisdom of such a provision.

The Civil Tenure bill was passed because the conduct of President JOHNSON had revealed how great a peril lurked in a custom which was becoming traditional. Is it wise to remove a defense against a plain peril in the Executive office because the next incumbent of that office is universally trusted? General GRANT may possibly be President as long as he lives, and as long as he lives nobody has any reason to suppose that he would be less worthy of confidence than now. But the regulation of the executive power is not a question of men, however beloved and trusted; it is a question of the national welfare.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

CONGRESS could not begin its work more auspiciously than by passing the Civil Service bill of Mr. JENCKES. It is a measure of the most obvious public advantage, and receives the heartiest and most general public approval. Indeed, there has been no argument against it, and yet every body is aware of a strong and hidden opposition. When a measure so necessary, so economical, and in every way so advantageous, is proposed, and not immediately passed, there is some secret reason for the delay. This reason is exposed by Mr. JENCKES himself in his Boston speech. In answer to the question, Who should be admitted to the offices which the bill covers? he said: "Every citizen of the United States of the requisite age, with the proper degree of health and character to stand investigation, and with sufficient learning to perform the duties of the office which he seeks, shall be a candidate for admission. *A blow would then be struck at the root of every thing which could be called patronage.* The proposed measure would tend to emancipate every servant of the republic from the servitude of office; every man who received a commission from the United States would know that he received it from the people, and he should hold it as long as he served the people well and efficiently."

This would be the end of the present great and glorious system by which the man who gets up a campaign club, procures speakers, dines them, drives them to the meeting, pays for the posters, hunts up the voters and brings them to the polls, waits upon the newly-elected officers after election, or upon the Committee of his district, or upon the prominent member of the party near him, and by them is commended as faithful and zealous, and recommended to an office as a reward of merit. The gentlemen who "engage actively in the canvass" in this manner; and the candidates who feel the need of henchmen, and are conscious of an obligation to be discharged; and the Committee who wish the consideration that comes from dispensing favors; and the prominent members of the party in the neighborhood who like to be persons of consequence, and who wish to be able to count upon faithful coadjutors at a pinch, are a very considerable part of the voting population, and are all opposed to the Civil Service bill.

Patronage is the key of the present miserably corrupt and inefficient system of the civil service. Patronage is the explanation of the feeling with which office-holders and office-seekers, as a class, are regarded. Patronage is the explanation of very much of the awful waste that prevails in the civil service. Patronage is the ladder by which the most unfit persons climb into Congress. Patronage is the greedy monster preying upon the fair form of public virtue, against which every patriotic hand longs to strike a decisive blow. Patronage is barter in politics. Indeed, it shows itself every where, and every where it is a corrupter and a pest. Mr. JENCKES states that his bill would cover about forty-three thousand places, among which would be twenty-four thousand now within the gift of the Departments. But there are twenty-seven thousand postmasters and three or four thousand officers of the grade nominated by the President which do not come within the bill. He says that the number of names upon what is known as the Blue Book, in Washington, has increased from seven or eight hundred in the time of JEFFERSON to sixty thousand at present.

There will remain, even with Mr. JENCKES's bill, a great many offices to be filled in the old way, or in the old way made better by a wise Tenure-of-Office bill. But with the two bills together the improvement in the economy and character of the civil service will be incalculable—and so agreeable that we shall all try to see how all offices in the administration, except some of the highest, may be filled by this excellent system.

THE MISSOURI SENATOR.

THE telegraph states that Senator DRAKE, of Missouri, and some other gentlemen have returned to that State to defeat CARL SCHURZ as a candidate for the Senate of the United States. The reason which is understood to determine their action is one of general interest, upon which it is worth while to say a word. It was urged, during the canvass in General BUTLER'S district, that his election was a local matter, with which it was extremely impertinent for "outsiders" to interfere. We should like to know what citizen of the United States is an "outsider" in regard to the Congress that is to make laws to govern him. There is no citizen of the Essex District more interested in the course of its representative upon national questions than any citizen of California or New York. Moreover, as the Republican party is a national party, every member of it has an equal interest in its general policy, and an equal right to express his opinions of the expediency of its nominations; while citizens of the United States and honest men will not hesitate in the highest public interest to criticise public men and their conduct every where and always. If knavery is any where proposed, if improper candidates are any where nominated, if political corruption is any where favored, it will not be suffered to plead that it is local, so long as there is an independent press in the country.

We say this much, not because we insinuate or suspect any foul play in the opposition to Mr. SCHURZ, but to dispose of a very foolish fancy that our political interests in candidates expire at our State lines. When the State of New York sends Representatives and Senators to Congress it sends them as much for Missouri as for itself. They are not to legislate for New York, but for the country; and if in their characters or views, or the grounds upon which they are supported or resisted, there be points of general public concern, we trust that they will be presented, in Missouri as in New York, with the utmost force.

The reason of the opposition to Mr. SCHURZ is understood to be the resolutions which he introduced as supplementary to the Chicago Platform, and which were unanimously adopted. These resolutions commended the conduct of men like General LONGSTREET and others, who, having served in the rebellion, now frankly co-operate in reconstruction upon the basis of justice and equal rights, and favored the removal of all political disabilities as fast as may be consistent with the safety of the loyal people. Mr. SCHURZ certainly never appeared to greater advantage than in the chair of the temporary Presidency of the last National Republican Convention. His address was dignified, temperate, lofty, and wise. It set the key of the proceedings of that most sagacious political Convention; and the resolutions which we have mentioned admirably completed the Platform, and did as much as any part of the work of the Convention to commend the party to the renewed confidence of the country. They expressed then, and they express even more forcibly now, the prevailing sentiment of the party and of its elected President. That sentiment is equally removed from vindictiveness and sentimentality. It recognizes the necessity which the second of the resolutions of Mr. SCHURZ expresses, of making the principles of the Declaration of Independence the true foundations of the Government, with such exceptions only in the application as are absolutely necessary.

It is certainly only by a resolute ingenuity of misconception that such sentiments as those contained in the resolutions should be supposed to favor "traitors," or to aim at giving political supremacy to the late rebels. Does the Republican party favor "traitors?" Exactly as much as Mr. SCHURZ, for it enthusiastically approved his views. Did we all conduct the late cam-

paign upon the ground of promoting "rebels" to power? Exactly as much as Mr. SCHURZ, and he no more than the rest of us. We all cordially supported the platform of which his resolutions were an essential part and a chief ornament. We are all in the same category. If he is guilty, so is General GRANT, so are all the rest of us. If we are innocent of laboring to promote "rebels," so is Mr. SCHURZ. If he is unworthy to sit in the Senate because of his regard for the allies of Messrs. SEYMOUR and BLAIR—two gentlemen formerly known in our politics—then Senator FERRY should be sent home again, and JOHN G. WHITTIER must be rejected as hopelessly "conservative."

Such an objection in itself is futile. It is important only as it may affect those who do not reflect closely upon the situation and upon the words in which the Chicago resolutions were expressed. If, indeed, there are those who would perpetually disfranchise any considerable number of citizens, without regard to the condition of the country and with no reference to the public safety, they are merely blind or vindictive partisans who are not to be counted in the Republican party, and whom its Convention has excluded by the terms of its platform. They only can be considered Republicans in the party sense who substantially accept the party declaration of principle and policy. That demands the removal of all disability as fast as is consistent with the safety of the loyal people. Every Republican Senator is honorably pledged to that policy, while every one must, of course, determine for himself when the time has arrived, and what is the best method for removing disabilities. But unless Senator FERRY and Mr. GREELEY are to be suspected as "traitors," certainly Mr. SCHURZ, whose opinions the party has expressly ratified, may pass untainted. The Republican serves his party best who aims to remove all political disabilities of every kind just as fast as the welfare of the loyal people permits and no faster. That does not seem to us a reason for excluding a man otherwise qualified from the Senate, but for sending him to it.

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

A PAMPHLET with this title has been issued from the press of LITTLE, BROWN, & Co., of Boston, containing fifty-eight pages of printed matter, the production of ROBERT TREAT PAINE, Jun., an historical name. As nearly every public man has some plan of resumption to present we hope that Mr. PAINE's pamphlet, which will doubtless be examined, may be imitated in at least one respect, to save the eyes of those who are diligently searching for light. It is printed on good paper, in clear, large type. Mr. PAINE admits that a prompt enforced contraction of the currency will cause distress and panic, a view which he supports with unanswerable arguments; but yet he proposes as early a day for absolute resumption over the whole Union without mitigation as the 1st of July, 1870, and that, too, whether the crops of 1869 shall be a failure or otherwise. As we read the production we could not help regarding its reasonings as the most complete answer to its own position. Mr. PAINE fixes the whole cost of resumption at $22,133,000. We are amazed that any one who has exhibited such familiarity with many of the laws of money and industry which the pamphlet presents should have made so grave an error. The loss to the debtor interest, which is the one to be mainly affected by sudden resumption, is the difference between the value of their debts measured in the meagre amount of the money we should then possess, and by the redundant paper issues which now prevail. Instead of a cost of only about twenty-two millions it would be hundreds of millions, and it is this which makes immediate resumption an impossibility.

We do not propose to propound a theory, but to state the facts of the situation. There is a mysterious connection between the price of every object of human desire which is the subject of sale and the quantity of money in circulation. Political economists have attempted to prove the relation which the one bears to the other, and many rules have been, to their satisfaction, established. One law which they maintain is this, that in the proportion in which you increase or diminish the quantity of money in circulation, you increase or diminish, other things being equal, the price of property and its products. There is still another law in which they are agreed. That the proportion which the money of a country bears to the value of the whole mass of its property is very small. It amounts, according to the estimate of some, to about one fourth or fifth of the annual yield.

If it be allowed that prices are raised or lowered, other things being equal in the proportion in which money is increased or diminished, what will be the effect of a sudden return to specie payments? A gold dollar is now worth, measured by legal tenders, 135½ or thereabout; and assuming that the difference is accurately adjusted it would be a fair inference that the gold price of commodities and the legal-tender price show a like difference. By returning to specie payments the difference would disappear and the property owned in the United States would afterward be measured by the improved standard. There are some peculiar reasons why prices would not fall to a common level with those of the residue of the world. By the tariff, for instance, we prevent direct competition on the part of foreigners with the industry of this country, and may maintain higher prices here than would be possible if they were not compelled to pay the duties we levy. In outside markets, however, we should be unable to obtain more for our products than other nations obtain for theirs of a like character. We have also the inestimable advantage of new and rich lands; of better agricultural machinery; and a superiority in the quality of much that is produced by agricultural labor. All other things being equal the general laws of trade would produce one common level in the price of those objects of universal desire which commerce exchanges.

That a fall would take place in the price of property from lopping off the excess, in very nearly the proportion in which it was raised by the expansion, can not be doubtful; and while we regard it as of the deepest interest to the United States to return to specie payments at the earliest practicable moment, it is essential to the success of the scheme to proceed with caution in the tremendous change which such a step would occasion.

Mr. MORTON estimates the amount of debt upon which it would operate as eight thousand millions of dollars. Mr. GREELEY at one thousand millions, over and above what would instantly be liquidated by offsetting one against another.

It must be borne in mind that the Legal-Tender Act operates upon all debts due by States, counties, towns, by banks, savings-banks, railroad and insurance companies, as well as upon the great mass of private debts due by mortgage, notes, and otherwise by private individuals. Mr. M'CULLOCH supposes that at least seven-tenths of the British population are in the constant habit of anticipating their incomes; and if this estimate shall be deemed extravagant in this country, it may be assumed that six-tenths at least are in that situation.

Mr. DAVID A. WELLS, in the able pamphlet issued in 1864, entitled "Our Burdens and our Strength," stated his belief that the total available property of the United States in 1860 was twenty thousand millions, although it had been officially assessed in that year at only sixteen thousand one hundred and fifty-nine millions, which sum included slaves since made free, valued at nineteen hundred and thirty-six millions. He rated the increase of property at two thousand millions per annum, which, added to $20,000,000,000, would make now say twenty-six thousand millions of our taxable property. Mr. DE BOW estimated our agricultural productions in 1850 at sixteen hundred millions. Our manufacturing products for 1855, as stated by Mr. ERASTUS B. BIGELOW in his able work on the tariff, was one thousand and nineteen millions one hundred and six thousand six hundred and sixteen dollars, making together $2,619,106,616. This was the joint product of the capital and industry of the country at an early period, and probably furnished the principal basis for Mr. WELLS's estimates.

We have no means of arriving at the true amount of the debt; but, in view of the bold and speculative spirit of our people, it is not extravagant to suppose that the public and private debts of the States, corporations, and people of the United States, exclusive of the national debt, amount to at least $5,000,000,000. It is upon this mass of property, production, and debt, stated only approximately, that the policy of a considerable reduction of the money of the country is to operate; and, whether the debtors of the United States constitute six-tenths or seven-tenths, or less, it is certain that they constitute a large majority of the people, who are unwilling to allow such an experiment upon their fortunes.

The amount of paper currency—consisting of legal tender and National Bank notes and the fractional currency—is in excess of six hundred millions of dollars. The amount of gold in the United States, including that in the Treasury, in the banks, in the Pacific States, and in private hoards, probably does not exceed one hundred and seventy millions, but its effect on the prices of commodities, excepting in the Pacific and in some portions of the Southern States, is neutralized by the policy of the Government in keeping it out of circulation, and assuming that the quantity of money is now one-fourth larger than it would be under a proper system, its reduction in that proportion would affect the nominal value of all property in a corresponding degree. The policy would fall with immense severity upon the interest which is least able to bear it, the large debtor interest.

The present dilemma of the people of the United States is one from which they should be extricated at the earliest moment compatible with the general safety. The country had been debauched with paper-money before the war so extensively that there was no choice left but to continue it in circulation and place it on a legal basis. The quantity issued was in excess of our necessities, but all the immense business of an active people has been adjusted to the amount in circulation, and there can be no greater hardship than that of a too sudden resumption.

If gold contracts made hereafter shall be legalized by Congress, and if the banks shall be required to hoard the gold received for interest on their bonds, and be compelled otherwise to amass it, we shall by degrees, if favored with good crops, grow up to a position of strength. In any view it will require the greatest fortitude to reach the end. It should be our earnest endeavor to avoid precipitate action and its consequences—a certain increase of paper-money. In stating the price of gold at 135½ we are not to be understood as maintaining its accuracy. On the contrary, it is the cheapest article capable of exportation.

The fact that it is made available here only for duties and for interest on the Government bonds—the principal must also be paid in them hereafter—has driven the excess over and above what is required for these purposes to other countries. Americans abroad complain of the high cost of living in Europe. It is doubtless due to this cause, as the area has become diminished within which the previous metals circulate. The large production of gold in California and Australia furnishes more than foreign nations require.

In the time of one of the CHARLES's Bishop LATIMER, who had lived happily on an annuity of £16 per annum, mentioned that when young he could deal in charities on this sum. "Why is it, my liege," he asked, "that I can do this no longer?" The discovery of America had quadrupled the gold in Europe, which was then isolated, and had quadrupled prices. This was corrected by the subsequent extension of commerce, and prices will fall in Europe when the United States, by becoming specie paying, shall call for a wider diffusion of the precious metals.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CABINET.

UPON another page we give a gallery of portraits of the new British Cabinet, with those of Mr. FORSTER and Mr. STANSFELD, who, although not in the Cabinet, occupy prominent places in the Government. Of the Cabinet itself, the most important names are those of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. LOWE, respectively First Lord of the Treasury, President of the Board of Trade, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Of their associates, the names best known in this country are those of LORD CLARENDON, Foreign Secretary; the DUKE OF ARGYLE, Secretary for India; and Mr. GOSCHEN, of the Poor-Law Board. The Postmaster-General, LORD HARTINGTON, is also somewhat notorious in this country for his insolent conduct when here in wearing a rebel badge at a ball in the presence of Union officers and families. Of those in the Government, but not in the Cabinet, besides Mr. FORSTER and Mr. STANSFELD, the names of LORD DUFFERIN, Mr. LAYARD, Sir JOHN COLERIDGE, and Mr. GRANT DUFF, are familiar to many; while EARL SPENCER, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is not much known.

Of the fifteen members of the Cabinet every one, we believe, is a University man except JOHN BRIGHT. The Prime Minister, Mr. GLADSTONE, is just fifty-nine years old. He entered Parliament at twenty-three for Newark, and sat from 1847 to 1865 for the University of Oxford. He has been almost continuously in public life, beginning as one of Sir ROBERT PEEL's Conservatives, and ending by asking JOHN BRIGHT to take office with him. He is distinguished as an author and scholar; and he and his colleague, Mr. BRIGHT, are the finest orators in England. He is a man of spotless character, and of an intellect so judicial as sometimes to make him appear inconsistent and infirm of purpose. An article in a late number of the *Galaxy*, by Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY, an English journalist, and sometime editor of the London *Star*, sketches Mr. GLADSTONE with great felicity. That article and a letter of LOUIS BLANC's some five years since, are the best descriptions of the new Minister. The Lord Chancellor, LORD HATHERLEY, late Sir WILLIAM PAGE WOOD, is a year younger than the century, and is a lawyer of great ability and distinction, who has, however, made no particular mark in public life.

Mr. ROBERT LOWE, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is two years younger than his chief, and is a man of remarkable scholarly accomplishment and skill in debate. Mr. LOWE chiefly distinguished himself three years since in opposing Mr. GLADSTONE's Reform Bill, and undoubtedly was very instrumental in turning that gentleman out of the office, which he has now given to Mr. LOWE. His speeches while he was, according to JOHN BRIGHT's satirical phrase, in the cave of Adullam, reveal that peculiar dislike of principle and of generalization which was so agreeable to the old House of Commons and to the average Englishman. Mr. LOWE is, so to speak, naturally opposed to his colleague JOHN BRIGHT, who is of the same age. Of all Englishmen Mr. BRIGHT is the most known and beloved in this country. His political instinct is remarkable, and no men have done more for the political education of England than Mr. BRIGHT and his friend RICHARD COBDEN. The papers are full of romantic stories of his cordial reception at Court, and his happy compliments, and of the interview of six hours between him and Mr. GLADSTONE, during which the latter was engaged in persuading him to take office, and finally [illegible]

But with all his liberality Mr. BRIGHT is of the middle or employing class, and is therefore not exactly a trusted leader of the laborers. Moreover, he is not a Republican—a faith toward which a very large body of "the people" in England constantly tend, and which will undoubtedly openly organize a party should any crisis occur in the country. But for clearness of vision in what he sees, for the frank courage of his opinions, and for a powerful and simple oratory, Mr. BRIGHT is not surpassed by any living man. He is a natural leader. Yet very few men who have been so long recognized champions of the people have been able to maintain their hold upon popular confidence and sympathy after passing the silken line of court favor. The Ministry is undoubtedly greatly strengthened by his presence; but we have yet to see with what feeling the appearance of the Right Honorable JOHN BRIGHT, in what is really a Whig Cabinet, will be regarded by the Liberal party.

Lord CLARENDON was born with the century, and has been always more or less in diplomatic life. He has twice before filled his present post of Foreign Secretary, and has been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He is a Whig of the old school. The DUKE OF ARGYLE, a man of forty-six, is a very liberal peer, of scholarly tastes, who has been in office, has published some clever works, is a good speaker, and very much esteemed. Mr. GOSCHEN, born in 1831, was elected to Parliament from the city of London in 1863. His general ability and his especial mastery of questions of finance mark him as one of the most conspicuous of the younger public men in England. The MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, Mr. DISRAELI's "young Whigling," was born in 1833, and distinguished himself in Parliament at twenty-six. Mr. FORSTER is a Quaker, born in 1818. He is a nephew of Sir THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, and married MATTHEW ARNOLD's sister. He was a stanch friend of ours during the war. His post in the new ministry is virtually that of Minister of Education. Mr. STANSFELD is a very positive liberal, who resigned as a Lord of the Admiralty in 1864 because of his alleged improper knowledge of a correspondence of MAZZINI's—a charge, however, which did not seriously harm him.

"MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER," the serial novel commenced in the January Number of *Harper's Magazine*, is by Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY, of London, who wrote "The Waterdale Neighbors"—an excellent story published a few months since by HARPER & BROTHERS. Mr. M'CARTHY is now residing in this country, and is recognized both here and in England as a most able and vigorous writer.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A BILL is about to be presented before the Ohio Legislature, providing for the extension of the limits of Cincinnati by adding thirty square miles to the corporation.

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, is in favor of a division of that State by the separation of East from Middle and West Tennessee.

A grand banquet was given at Delmonico's in this city on the evening of the 29th ult., in honor of Professor S. F. B. Morse, the father of modern telegraphy. Chief-Justice Chase, the British Minister, Edward Thornton, Professor Goldwin Smith, Hon. William M. Evarts, D. D. Field, William C. Bryant, and other prominent personages were present and made speeches.

The Registrar of Vital Statistics reports 367 deaths, 229 births, and 112 marriages in this city, and 152 deaths in Brooklyn, during the week ending December 26.

Reports from Augusta, Arkansas, represent that affairs in certain portions of the State are yet very much unsettled, and that there is no security for either life or property. The Ku-Klux Klans still continue to drive out Northern citizens.

George S. Twitchell, Jun., was convicted of the murder of his mother-in-law on the 1st inst.

On New-Year's Day John T. Hoffman was inaugurated Governor of New York in the Capitol at Albany.

The report of the Fire Marshal of Chicago for the year just closed shows the total loss by fires to be $2,900,000. The police of the city during the year have made 23,000 arrests, and there was $27,500 worth of property stolen. During the last year there were 5760 deaths, 4684 marriages, and 6348 births.

Mr. Taylor, the Indian Commissioner, has received an address from delegations of the Cherokee, Choctaw, and Creek Indians asking an investigation into the facts of the Washita battle. They claim the investigation will prove that Black Kettle was friendly. General Sherman reports from St. Louis, January 2, as follows:

"I have just heard from General Sheridan, who reached Fort Cobb December 19, with the Seventh Cavalry and the Nineteenth Kansas Volunteers—all well. He has had no more fighting, but reports that he has possession of Satanta and Lone Wolf, whom he holds till the Kiowas surrender to him. Generals Sheridan and Hazen are now together, and can settle this matter perfectly."

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRESIDENT LOPEZ, of Paraguay, is reported to be disposed to accord full satisfaction to the United States for the wrongs suffered by American citizens.

Ten thousand more troops are about to be dispatched to Cuba and Porto Rico. Santiago is still besieged by the insurgents, and the inhabitants are suffering from the scarcity of provisions. The Government authorities have been organizing regiments of colored soldiers.

Another colliery explosion is reported to have taken place in England in the Haydock Colliery. Twenty-two dead bodies were taken out of the mine, and how many others remained was uncertain.

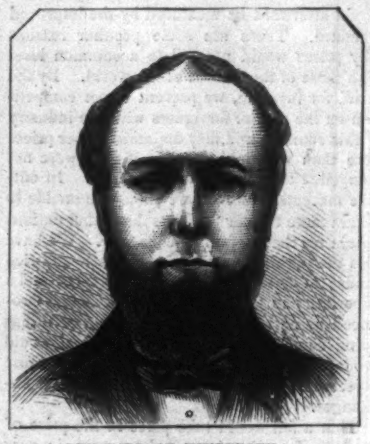
The Conference on the Turko-Greek difficulty was to be held on the 9th.

The Malaga insurgents in Spain lost 400 killed.

The Chinese embassy has arrived in Paris.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

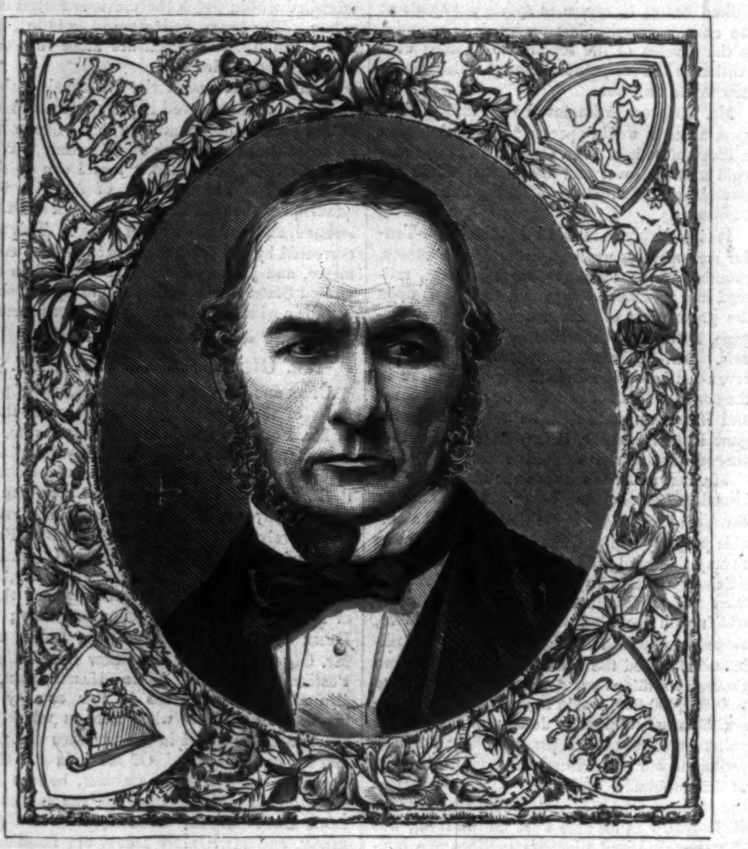
EARL DE GREY AND RIPON.



THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY.

THE RIGHT HON. H. A. BRUCE.

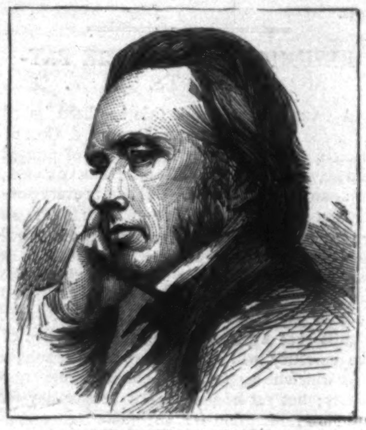
THE EARL OF CLARENDON.



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

EARL GRANVILLE.

THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD CARDWELL.

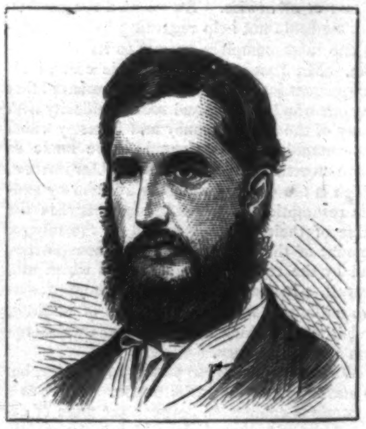


THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE.

THE RIGHT HON. H. C. E. CHILDERS.

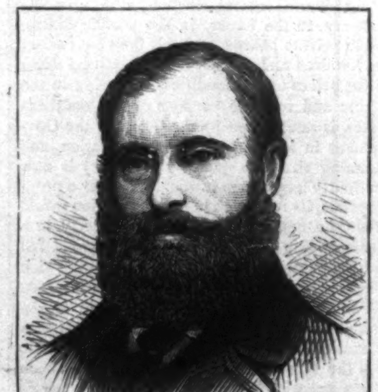
THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.



THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.

THE RIGHT HON. J. S. GOSCHEN.

THE RIGHT HON. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE.



W. E. FORSTER, ESQ.

JAMES STANSFELD, ESQ.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE AND HIS CABINET.—[See Page 35.]

THE LORELEI.

"FLOWS the Rhine as flowing wine,
Bright in its unrest,
Sweet with odors of the vine;
Heaven in its breast."

So the boatman Hugo sung,
Long, long ago,
By the Lurley-berg that hung
In the sunset glow.

At that fateful rock, upraised
From its foamy base,
Suddenly the boatman gazed
With a stricken face.

On its summit, wondrous fair,
Shining angel-wise,
Sat a maid, with golden hair
And beseeching eyes.

From a shoulder's rosy sphere
All the robe that slid,
Ripple-bright and water-clear,
Rather show'd than hid.

As her hair her fingers through
(Fingers pearly white)
Slowly pass'd, the diamond dew
Fell and broke in light.

But a gold harp from her feet
Lifted she ere long,
And its music, pulsing sweet,
Fed a wondrous song.

And the boatman, drifting fast,
Listen'd to his cost;
On the rocks before him cast!
In the whirlpool lost!

Then the Lorelei's luring form
Faded from the eye,
As a cloud fades, rosy warm,
In a purple sky.

THE LORELEI.—[SEE POEM.]

MORE LIGHT, AND BRIGHTER.

A DISCOVERY has recently been made in France by Messrs. TESSIE DU MOTHAY and MARECHAL, which, it is thought, may lead to results very beneficial to mankind by greatly facilitating the production of artificial light for purposes of illumination. The discovery in question is that of a process for procuring a cheap and abundant supply of oxygen gas.

The characteristic of oxygen in the economy of nature seems to be analogous to that which CALHOUN, at a certain period of our history, attributed to the old United States Bank in relation to the cotton market. It is the great tenacious holder. In other words, its tendency to enter into combination with other substances, and to hold to the combination when made, is very strong. It springs to its union with them when brought into such relations with them that its affinity can be exercised with great avidity, and clings to the union, when it is effected, with great persistency, and with great force. It is the violence of the action which it exerts in its combination with hydrogen by which the light and heat and the other phenomena attendant on combustion are evolved.

In the atmosphere, which is the great reservoir of free oxygen, the gas is very much diluted. In consequence of this the rapidity of its union with a combustible is impeded, and the effect diminished. In order greatly to increase the intensity of combustion, and the rapidity of the evolution of light and heat which results from it, we have only to obtain and present to the combustible an abundant supply of oxygen in a pure state.

But this has hitherto been a work of great difficulty. Of course, the very strength of affinity from which the light, heat, and mechanical force result when oxygen enters into a combination operates with equal power to prevent a dissolution of the union for the purpose of recovering the oxygen in a separate state.

The substance from which it has been found practically most feasible to separate oxygen, when required for processes in chemistry and in the arts, is an oxyd of manganese—the base of this substance, the metal manganesium—having the property of loosening its hold upon it more readily than most other substances. But even this decomposition has hitherto been possible only by a process so difficult and slow, and has involved such a consumption of material, as to make the procuring of any considerable supply of the gas a very tedious and expensive work. The discovery about to be described reveals a method of separating the element from its combination with manganese, or rather of drawing a supply of it from the atmosphere through the agency of manganese—with great facility, and without any consumption of material at all—so as to furnish a cheap and an abundant supply for any purpose required.

The process is in itself so ingenious, and so curious, and at the same time so simple, that it is an object of great interest in itself, independently of the value of the result. The discovery originated in the ascertaining of two facts—namely: *First*, that if a current of steam passes over a certain compound of manganese, called *manganate of soda*, it will abstract and carry away a considerable portion of the oxygen, which can afterward be separated and secured by the simple condensation of the steam; and, *Secondly*, that if a current of air be passed over the partially deoxydized compound, the compound will recover from the air the portion it had lost. When this is done a new current of steam may be employed to take off a second portion, to be followed by a new current of air, to restore it again. And so on indefinitely.

It will be observed that by this process the real source of the oxygen obtained is the atmosphere—the manganese being merely the stepping-stone, as it were, by which it passes from its state of diffusion and freedom in the circumambient air to purity and confinement in the gasometer.

With this explanation of the nature of the process, the structure and use of the apparatus are easily to be understood. In the centre is seen a furnace, in which the cylindrical retorts for containing the manganate of soda are set in brick-work, with a fire-place below. These retorts are so connected by pipes that the steam or air admitted to them circulates freely through them all. The steam is prepared in the boiler at the left, marked L, whence it is conveyed to the retorts by the subterranean conduit, *w*, *w*.

The steam, after passing through the retorts, and taking up from the material within them its charge of oxygen, passes off by the pipe on the right side of the furnace, in the direction of the arrow, to the condenser, R. Here the steam is condensed, the water flowing down into the receiver below, while the gas is conveyed by the pipe seen on the right of the condenser, by the subterranean conduit, *o*, *o*, to the gasometer, G.

As soon as the steam has conveyed away all the oxygen which it can receive from the manganate in the retorts, the faucet at the point where the pipe conveying it leaves the boiler—seen at the left extremity of the boiler—is shut off, and the apparatus for pumping in air is brought into play. There is a rotary pump for pumping air at V, which is worked by a small cylinder, piston-rod, and fly-wheel, seen over the boiler. The air is forced by the pump into the reservoir E, whence it passes by the pipe *a*, *a*, *a* and its connections into the retorts, carrying with it a supply of oxygen, to restore what was abstracted by the steam. The process is continued in this way—a current of steam to abstract oxygen, and a current of air to restore what was lost, being passed through the retorts alternately as long as is desired.

The only expenditure in the process is that of fuel in the fire-box of the boiler on the left, to supply force for impelling the air and producing and impelling the steam. The cost of this being very little, the inventors claim that by this method a cheap and abundant supply of oxygen can be obtained, by means of which the intensity of the light produced by combustion for illuminating purposes, and of the heat in various mechanical process, can be vastly increased without any additional consumption of combustible material.

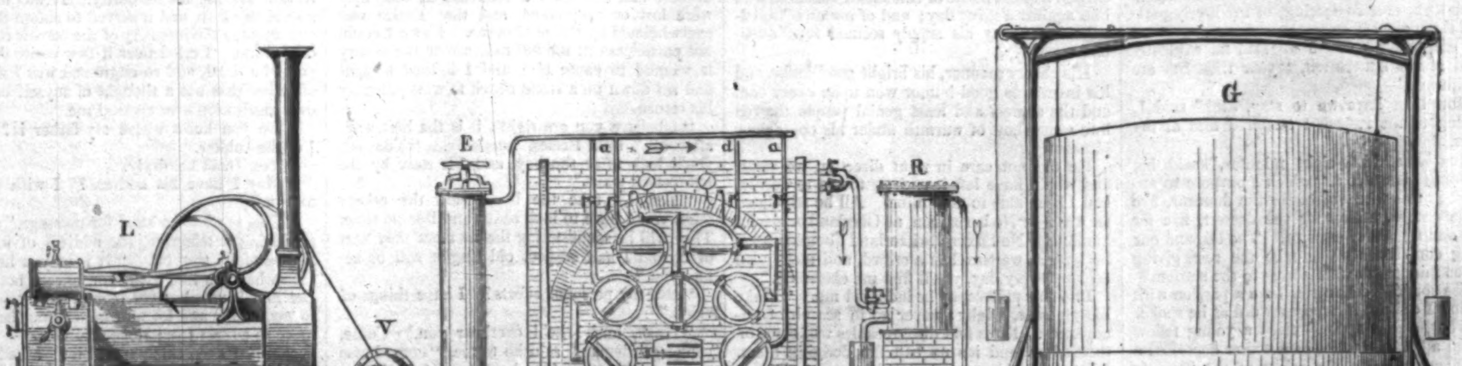
WINTER AT SEA.

OUR illustration on page 40 is engraved from one of those characteristic and effective drawings which Mr. WINSLOW HOMER so well knows how to conceive and execute. As our readers will remember, it is from the same hand which produced "Christmas Belles" and "The New-Year," in the two last Numbers of this journal.

The subject is at this season a suggestive one. Winter off our northern coast is to the sailors a trying season, and tests the endurance and temper of the heartiest and jolliest tar. And what story can be sadder than that of a shipwreck in winter? We are now just beginning to get the full details of the recent loss of the *Hibernia* off the Irish coast. Think of Mr. DAVIES, the second officer of that ill-fated vessel, who with two comrades—after having witnessed the sufferings and death of all the others who embarked with them in a life-boat—survived the cold and storms of a wintry ocean through twelve long weary days and nights! It was only a few weeks since that a steam-packet laden with passengers very narrowly escaped shipwreck off our coast. It had sprung a leak, and had been pumping water for several days, and finally the vessel sunk, but not before she had reached a spot off Sandy Hook, where the disaster was unaccompanied by loss of life. In the pleasant comforts of our homes, let us not forget "those who go down to the sea in ships."

THE BOURBONS.

ALL the livin, members of this family are descended from Louis XIII. of France, who had two sons—Louis XIV. and Philip Duke of Orleans (the latter is now represented by Louis Philippe, Count of Paris, who claims the crown of France). Louis XIV. married the eldest sister and heiress of Charles II. of Spain, and had an only son, who died before him, leaving three sons—the first was Louis Duke of Burgundy (who was the father of Louis XV., and is now represented by Count de Chambord, who claims the crown of France as Henry V.); the second, Philip V. of Spain (in right of his grandmother), married twice (his second wife being heiress of the Duchy of Parma), and left five sons—the three eldest (Louis, Ferdinand VI., and Charles III.) were successively Kings of Spain, and the fourth was (in right of his mother) Duke of Parma, and is now represented by Robert of Parma. Charles III. left five sons—viz., Charles IV. of Spain, Ferdinand I. of Naples, Gabriel, Anthony, and Francis. Ferdinand of Naples is now represented by Francis II. Charles IV. of Spain married Louisa of Parma, his cousin, and left three sons—viz., Ferdinand VII. (the father of Isabella II.), Don Carlos (who claimed the throne as heir male of his brother Ferdinand), and Francisco. Don Carlos left three sons—1st, Carlos Count of Montemolin, who died three or four years ago without issue; 2d, Don John (the father of the present claimant and two other sons); and, 3d, Don Ferdinand. The third son of Charles IV., Don Francisco, left a large family, and his eldest son is the husband of Isabella II. It will be thus seen that the eldest, or French branch, is represented by the Count de Chambord; the second, or Spanish, by the Count de Montemolin; the third, or Neapolitan, by Francis II.; the fourth, or Parmasan, by Robert Duke of Parma; and the fifth, or junior French, by the Count of Paris.



APPARATUS OF THE FRENCH CHEMISTS FOR THE PREPARATION AND FUNDING OF OXYGEN GAS.

BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

MINE eyes were stiffened with the last night's tears,
And my brow ached too heavily to weep,
Oppreat with sorrow past and future fears,
Too weary to awake—too sad to sleep.

With listless hand I drew away the blind
To look where lay the morning dull and gray:
I heard no whisper of the cold night wind,
I saw no gleam to chase the gloom away.

Spread like a mourning veil on every hill
Hung cheerless mist, thro' which the dark dawn crept;
The rain-drops on the trees lay cold and still,
Like tears of one who in his sleep hath wept.

Sadly I turned and laid me down again
Till sorrow's leaden trance my sense did steal,
As those who lulled by very strength of pain
Forget their pain a while and cease to feel.

So passed the hours away, and I awoke;
But while I slept the world had traveled on—
The damp mist rolled away, the morning broke,
And, pouring radiance forth, uprose the sun.

The purple hills were tinged with living light,
The grass was waving in the morning breeze,
Like sparkling gems the rain-drops of the night
In rainbow showers were glittering from the trees.

Then my heart melted too, and the deep gloom
Passed like the dreary morning mist away;
The sun shone warm and bright into my room,
And I rose up from my dull trance to pray.

O God, most merciful! 'tis ever so:
While thankless man feels but the present pain,
And lies steeped in the weariness of woe,
Thy step is drawing near to heal again.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XIV.

A GOOD-BY.

WHILE I strolled into the garden to select a table for our dinner, Eccles went in search of Mr. Delorme, and though he had affected to say that the important duty of devising the feast should be confided to the host, I could plainly see that my respected tutor accepted his share in that high responsibility.

I will only say of the feast in question that, though I was daily accustomed to the admirable dinners of my father's table, I had no conception of what exquisite devices in cookery could be produced by the skill of an accomplished restaurateur, left free to his own fancy, and without limitation as to the bill.

One thing alone detracted from the perfect enjoyment of the banquet. It was the appearance of Mr. Delorme himself, white-cravatted and gloved, carrying in the soup. It was an attention that he usually reserved for great personages, royalties, or high dignitaries of the court; and I was shocked that he should have selected me for the honor, not the less as it was only a few hours before he and I had been drinking Champagne with much clinking of glasses together, and interchanging the most affectionate vows of eternal friendship.

I arose from my chair to salute him, but, as he deposited the tureen upon the table, he stepped back and bowed low, and retreated in this fashion, with the same humble reverence at every step, till he was lost in the distance.

"Sit down," said Eccles, with a peculiar look, as though to warn me that I was forgetting my dignity; and then, to divert my attention, he added, "That green seal is an attention Delorme offers you—a very rare favor too—a bottle of his own peculiar Johannisberg. Let us drink his health. Now, Digby, I call this something very nigh perfection."

It was a theme my tutor understood thoroughly, and there was not a dish nor a wine that he did not criticise.

"I was always begging your father to take this cook, Digby," said he, with a half sigh. "Even with a first-rate artist you need change, otherwise your dinners become manneristic, as ours have become of late."

He then went on to show me that the domestic cook, always appealing to the small public of the family, gets narrowed in his views and bounded in his resources. He compared them, I remember, to the writers in certain religious newspapers, who must always go on spicing higher and higher as the palates of their clients grow more jaded. How he worked out his theme afterward I can not tell; for I was watching the windows of the house, and stealing glances down the alleys in the garden, longing for one look, ever so fleeting, of my lovely partner of the night before.

"I see, young gentleman," said he, evidently nettled at my inattention, "your thoughts are not with me."

"How long have we to stay, Sir?" said I, reverting to the respect I tendered him at my lessons.

"You have thirty-eight minutes," said he, examining his watch: "which I purpose to apportion in this wise—eight for the douceur, five for the cheese, fifteen for the dessert, five for coffee and a glass of curaçoa. The bill and our parting compliments will take the rest, giving us three minutes to walk across to the station."

These sort of pendantries were a passion with him, and I did not interpose a word as he spoke.

"What, a pine-apple!" cried a young fellow from an adjoining table, as a waiter deposited a magnificent pine in the midst of the bouquet that adorned our table.

"Monsieur Delorme begs to say, Sir, this has just arrived from Laeken."

"Don't you know who that is?" said a companion, in a low voice; but my hearing, ever acute, caught the words—"He's that boy of Norcott's."

I started as if I had received a blow. It was time to resent these insolences, and make an end of them forever.

"You heard what that man yonder has called me?" said I to Eccles.

"No; I was not minding him."

"The old impertinence—'That boy of Norcott's.'"

I arose, and took the cane I had laid against a chair. What I was about to do I knew not. I felt I should launch some insolent provocation. As for what should follow, the event might decide *that.*

"I'd not mind him, Digby," said Eccles, carelessly, as he lit his cigarette, and stretched his legs on a vacant chair. I took no notice of his words, but walked on. Before, however, I had made three steps my eyes caught the flutter of a dress at the end of the alley. It was merely the last folds of some floating muslin, but it was enough to rout all other thoughts from my head, and I flew down the walk with lightning speed. I was right, it was Pauline. In an instant I was beside her.

"Dearest, darling Pauline!" I cried, seizing her round the waist and kissing her cheek before she well knew, "how happy it makes me to see you even for a few seconds!"

"Ah, milord, I did not expect to see you here," said she, half distantly.

"I am not milord; I am your own Digby—Digby Norcott, who loves you, and will make you his wife."

"Ma foi! children don't marry—at least demoiselles don't marry them," said she, with a saucy laugh.

"I am no more an 'enfant,'" said I, with a passionate stress on the word, "than I was last night, when you never left my arm except to sit at my side at supper."

"But you are going away," said she, pouting, "else why that traveling dress, and that sack strapped at your side?"

"Only for a few weeks. A short tour up the Rhine, Pauline, to see the world, and complete my education, and then I will come back and marry you, and you shall be mistress of a beautiful house, and have every thing you can think of."

"Vrai?" asked she, with a little laugh.

"I swear it by this kiss."

"Pardie, monsieur! you are very adventurous," said she, repulsing me; "you will make me not regret that you are going so soon."

"Oh, Pauline! when you know that I adore you, that I only value wealth to share it with you; that all I ask of life is to devote it to you—"

"And that you haven't got full thirty seconds left for that admirable object," broke in Eccles. "We must run for it like fury, boy, or we shall be late."

"I'll not go."

"Then I'll be shot if I stay here and meet your father," said he, turning away.

"Oh, Pauline, dearest, dearest of my heart!" I sobbed out, as I fell upon her neck; and the vile bell of the railroad rang out with its infernal discord as I clasped her to my heart.

"Come along, and confound you!" cried Eccles; and with a porter on one side and Eccles on the other, I was hurried along down the garden, across a road, and along a platform, where the station-master, wild with passion, stamped and swore in a very different mood from that in which he smiled at me across the supper-table the night before.

"We're waiting for that boy of Norcott's, I vow," said an old fellow with a gray mustache; and I marked him out for future recognition.

Unlike my first journey, where all seemed confusion, trouble, and annoyance, I now saw only pleasant faces, and people bent on enjoyment. We were on the great tourist road of Europe, and it seemed as though every one was bound on some errand of amusement. Eccles, too, was a pleasant contrast to the courier who took charge of me on my first journey. Nothing could be more genial than his manner. He treated me with a perfect equality, and by that greatest of all flatteries to one of my age, induced me to believe that I was actually companionable to himself.

I will not pretend that he was an instructive companion. He had neither knowledge of history nor feeling for art, and rather amused himself with sneering at both, and quizzing such of our fellow-travelers as the practice was safe with. But he was always gay, always in excellent spirits, ready to make light of the passing annoyances of the road, and, as he said himself, he always carried a quart bottle of condensed sunshine with him against a rainy day; and of my own knowledge I can say his supply seemed inexhaustible.

His cheery manner, his bright good looks, and his invariable good-humor won upon every one, and the sourest and least genial people thawed into some show of warmth under his contagious pleasantry.

He did not care in what direction we went, and would have left it entirely to me to decide, had I been able to determine. All he stipulated for was:—"No barbarism, no Oberland or glacier humbug. No Saxon Switzerland abominations. So long as we travel in a crowd, and meet good cookery every day, you'll find me charming."

Into this philosophy he inducted me. "Make life pleasant, Digby; never go in search of annoyances. Duns and disagreeables will come of themselves, and it's no bad fun dodging them. It's only a fool ever keeps their company."

A more shameless immorality might have revolted me, but this peddling sort of wickedness, this half-jesting with right and wrong—giving to morals the aspect of a game in which a certain kind of address was practicable—was very seductive to one of my age and temper. I fancied, too, that I was becoming a consummate man of the world, and his praises of my proficiency were unsparingly bestowed.

Attaching ourselves to this or that party of travelers, we would go off here or there, in any direction, for four or five days; and though I usually found myself growing fond of those I became more intimate with, and sorry to part from them, Eccles invariably wearied of the pleasantest people after a day or two. Incessant change seemed essential to him, and his nature and his spirits flagged when denied it.

What I least liked about him, however, was a habit he had of "trotting" me out—his own name for it—before strangers. My knowledge of languages, my skill at games, my little musical talents, he would parade in a way that I found positively offensive. Nor was this all, for I found he represented me as the son of a man of immense wealth and of a rank commensurate with his fortune.

One must have gone through the ordeal of such a representation to understand its vexations, to know all the impertinences it can evoke from some, all the slavish attentions from others. I feel a hot flush of shame on my cheek now, after long years, as I think of the mortifications I went through, as Eccles would suggest that I should buy some princely château that we saw in passing, or some lordly park alongside of which our road was lying.

As to remonstrating with him on this score, or, indeed, on any other, it was utterly hopeless; not to say that it was just as likely he would amuse the first group of travelers we met by a ludicrous version of my attempt to coerce him into good behavior.

One day he pushed my patience beyond all limit, and I grew downright angry with him. I had been indulging in that harmless sort of half-flirtation with a young lady, a fellow-traveler, which, not transgressing the bounds of small attentions, does not even excite remark or rebuke.

"Don't listen to that young gentleman's blandishments," said he, laughing, "for, young as he looks, he is already engaged. Come, come, don't look as though you'd strike me, Digby, but deny it if you can."

We were, fortunately for me, coming into a station as he spoke. I sprang out, and traveled third-class the rest of the day to avoid him, and when we met at night, I declared that with one such liberty more I'd part company with him forever.

The hearty good-humor with which he assured me I should not be offended again almost made me ashamed of my complaint. We shook hands over our reconciliation, and vowed we were better friends than ever.

What it cost him to abandon this habit of exalting me before strangers, how nearly it touched one of the chief pleasures of his life, I was, as I thought, soon to see in the altered tone of his manner. In fact, it totally destroyed the easy flippancy he used to wield, and a facility with strangers that once seemed like a special gift with him. I tried in vain to rally him out of this half depression, but it was clear he was not a man of many resources, and that I had already sapped a principal one.

While we thus journeyed he said to me one day, "I find, Digby, our money is running short; we must make for Zurich: it is the nearest of the places on our letter of credit."

I assented, of course, and we bade adieu to a pleasant family with whom we had been traveling, and who were bound for Dresden, assuring them we should meet them on the Elbe.

Eccles had grown of late more and more serious; not alone had his gayety deserted him, but he grew absent and forgetful to an absurd extent; and it was evident some great preoccupation had hold of him. During the entire of the last day before we reached Zurich he scarcely spoke a word, and as I saw that he had received some letters at Schaffhausen, I attributed his gloom to their tidings. As he had not spoken to me of bad news, I felt ashamed to obtrude myself on his confidence and kept silent, and not a word passed between us as we went. He had telegraphed to the banker, a certain Mr. Heinfetter, to order rooms for us at the hotel; and as we alighted at the door the gentleman himself was there to meet us.

"Herr Eccles," said he, eagerly, lifting his hat as we descended; and Eccles moved toward him, and, taking his arm, walked away to some distance, leaving me alone and unnoticed. For several minutes they appeared in closest confab, their heads bent close together, and at last I saw Eccles shake himself free from the other's arm, and throw up both his hands in the air with a gesture of wild despair. I began to suspect some disaster had befallen our remittances, that they were lost or suppressed, and that Eccles was overwhelmed by the misfortune. I own I could not participate in the full measure of the misery it seemed to cause him, and I lighted a cigar and sat down on a stone bench to wait patiently his return.

"I believe you are right; it is the best way, after all," said Eccles, hurriedly. "You say you'll look after the boy, and I'll start by the ten o'clock train."

"Yes, I'll take the boy," said the other; "but you'll have to look sharp and lose no time. They will be sequestering the moment they hear of it, and I half suspect old Engler will be before you."

"But my personal effects? I have things of value."

"Hush, hush! he'll overhear you. Come, young gentleman," said he to me, "come home and sup with me. The hotel is so full, they've no quarters for you. I'll try if I can't put you up."

Eccles stood with his head bent down as we moved away, then lifted his eyes, waved his hand a couple of times, and said, "By-by."

"Isn't he coming with us?" asked I.

"Not just yet: he has some business to detain him," said the banker, and we moved on.

CHAPTER XV.

A TERRIBLE SHOCK.

HERR HEINFETTER was a bachelor, and lived in a very modest fashion over his banking-house, and as he was employed from morning till night I saw next to nothing of him. Eccles, he said, had been called away, and though I eagerly asked where? by whom? and for how long? I got no other answer than "He is called away," in very German English, and with a stolidity of look fully as Teutonic.

The banker was not talkative: he smoked all the evening, and drank beer, and except an occasional monosyllabic comment on its excellence, said little.

"Ach, ja!" he would say, looking at me fixedly, as though assenting to some not exactly satisfactory conclusion his mind had come to about me—"Ach, ja!" And I would have given a good deal at the time to know to what peculiar feature of my fortune or my fate this half-compassionate exclamation extended.

"Is Eccles never coming back?" cried I, one day, as the post came in, and no tidings of him appeared; "is he never coming at all?"

"Never, no more."

"Not coming back!" cried I.

"No; not come back no more."

"Then what am I staying here for? Why do I wait for him?"

"Because you have no money to go elsewhere," said he, and for once he gave way to something he thought was a laugh.

"I don't understand you, Herr Heinfetter," said I: "our letter of credit, Mr. Eccles told me, was on your house here. Is it exhausted, and must I wait for a remittance?"

"It is exhaust; Mr. Eccles exhaust it."

"So that I must write for money; is that so?"

"You may write and write, mein lieber, but it won't come."

Herr Heinfetter drained his tall glass, and, leaning his arms on the table, said: "I will tell you in German, you know it well enough." And forthwith he began a story, which lost nothing of the pain and misery it caused me by the unsympathizing tone and stolid look of the narrator. For my readers' sake, as for my own, I will condense it into the fewest words I can, and omit all that Herr Heinfetter inserted either as comment or censure. My father had eloped with Madame Cleremont! They had fled to Innsprück, from which my father returned to the neighborhood of Belgium, to offer Cleremont a meeting. Cleremont, however, possessed in his hands a reparation he liked better—my father's check-book, with a number of signed but unfilled checks. These he at once filled up to the last shilling of his credit, and drew out the money, so that my father's first draft on London was returned dishonored. The villa and all its splendid contents were sequestrated, and an action for divorce, with ten thousand pounds laid as damages, already commenced. Of three thousand francs, which our letter assured us at Zurich, Eccles had drawn two thousand: he would have taken all, but Heinfetter, who prudently foresaw I must be got rid of some day, retained one thousand to pay my way. Eccles had gone, promising to return when he had saved his own effects, or what he called his own, from the wreck; but a few lines had come from him to say the smash was complete, the "huissiers" in possession, seals on every thing, and "not even the horses watered without a gendarme present in full uniform."

"Tell Digby, if we travel together again, he'll not have to complain of my puffing him off for a man of fortune; and, above all, advise him to avoid Brussels in his journeyings. He'll find his father's creditors, I'm afraid, far more attached to him than Mademoiselle Pauline."

His letter wound up with a complaint over his own blighted prospects, for, of course, his chance of the presentation was now next to hopeless, and he did not know what line of life he might be driven to.

And now, shall I own that, ruined and deserted as I was, overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, there was no part of all the misery I felt more bitterly than the fate of her who had been so kindly affectionate to me—who had nursed me so tenderly in sickness, and been the charming companion of my happiest hours. At first it seemed incredible. My father's manner to her had ever been coldness itself, and I could only lead myself to believe the story by imagining how the continued cruelty of Cleremont had actually driven the unhappy woman to entreat protection against his barbarity. It was as well I should think so, and it served to soften the grief and assuage the intensity of the sorrow the event caused me. I cried over it two entire days and part of a third, and so engrossed was I with this affliction that not a thought of myself or of my own destitution ever crossed me.

"Do you know where my father is?" asked I of the banker.

"Yes," said he, dryly.

"May I have his address? I wish to write to him."

"This is what he send for message," said he, producing a telegram, the address of which he had carefully torn off. "It is of you he speak. 'Do what you like with him, except bother me. Let him have whatever money is in your hands to my credit, and let him understand he has no more to expect from Roger Norcott.'"

"May I keep this paper, Sir?" asked I, in a humble tone.

"I see no reason against it. Yes," muttered he. "As to the moneys, Eccles have drawn eighty pound; there is forty remain to you."

I sat down and covered my face with my hands. It was a habit with me when I wanted to apply myself fully to thought; but Herr Heinfetter suspected that I had given way to grief, and be-

gan to cheer me up. I at once undeceived him, and said, "No, I was not crying, Sir; I was only thinking what I had best do. If you allow me I will go up to my room, and think it over by myself. I shall be calmer, even if I hit on nothing profitable."

I passed twelve hours alone, occasionally dropping off to sleep out of sheer weariness, for my brain worked hard, traveling over a wide space, and taking in every contingency and every accident I could think of. I might go back and seek out my mother; but to what end, if I should only become a dependent on her? No: far better that I should try and obtain some means of earning a livelihood, ever so humble, abroad, than spread the disgrace of my family at home. Perhaps Herr Heinfetter might accept my services in some shape; I could be any thing but a servant.

When I told him I wished to earn my bread, he looked doubtingly at me in silence, shaking his head, and muttering, "Nein, niemals, nein," in every cadence of despair.

"Could you not try me, Sir?" pleaded I, earnestly; but his head moved sadly in refusal.

"I will think of it," he said at last, and he left me.

He was good as his word. He thought of it for two whole days, and then said that he had a correspondent on the shore of the Adriatic, in a little-visited town, where no news of my father's history was like to reach, and that he would write to him to take me into his counting-house in some capacity—a clerk, or possibly a messenger, till I should prove myself worthy of being advanced to the desk. It would be hard work, however, he said; Herr Oppovich was a Slavac, and they were people who gave themselves few indulgences, and their dependents still fewer.

He went on to tell me that the house of Hodnig and Oppovich had been a wealthy firm formerly, but that Hodnig had over-speculated, and died of a broken heart; that now, after years of patient toil and thrift, Oppovich had restored the credit of the house, and was in good repute in the world of trade. Some time back he had written to Heinfetter to send him a young fellow who knew languages and was willing to work.

"That's all," he said. "Shall I venture to tell him that I recommend you for these?"

"Let me have a trial," said I, gravely.

"I will write your letter to-night, then, and you shall set out to-morrow for Vienna; thence you'll take the rail to Trieste, and by sea you'll reach Fiume, where Herr Oppovich lives."

I thanked him heartily, and went to my room.

On the morning that followed began my new life. I was no longer to be the pampered and spoiled child of fortune, surrounded with every appliance of luxury, and waited on by obsequious servants. I was now to travel modestly, to fare humbly, and to ponder over the smallest outlay, lest it should limit me in some other quarter of greater need. But of all the changes in my condition none struck me so painfully at first as the loss of consideration from strangers that immediately followed my fallen state. People who had no concern with my well-to-do condition, who could take no possible interest in my prosperity, had been courteous to me hitherto, simply because I was prosperous, and were now become something almost the reverse, for no other reason, that I could see, than that I was poor.

Where before I had met willingness to make my acquaintance, and an almost cordial acceptance, I was now to find distance and reserve. Above all, I discovered that there was a general distrust of the poor man, as though he were one more especially exposed to rash influences, and more likely to yield to them.

I got some sharp lessons in these things the first few days of my journey, but I dropped down at last into the third-class train, and found myself at ease. My fellow-travelers were not very polished or very cultivated, but in one respect their good-breeding had the superiority over that of finer folk. They never questioned my right to be saving, nor seemed to think the worse of me for being poor.

Herr Heinfetter had counseled me to stay a few days at Vienna, and provide myself with clothes more suitable to my new condition than those I was wearing.

"If old Ignaz Oppovich saw a silk-lined coat, he'd soon send you about your business," said he; "and as to that fine watch-chain and its gay trinkets, you have only to appear with it once to get your dismissal."

It was not easy, with my little experience of life, to see how these things should enter into an estimate of me, or why Herr Ignaz should concern him with other attributes of mine than such as touched my clerkship; but as I was entering on a world where all was new—where not only the people, but their prejudices and their likings were all strange to me—I resolved to approach them in an honest spirit, and with a desire to conform to them as well as I was able.

Lest the name Norcott, appearing in the newspapers in my father's case, should connect me with his story, Heinfetter advised me to call myself after my mother's family, which sounded, besides, less highly born, and I had my passport made out in the name of Digby Owen.

"Mind, lad," said the banker, as he parted with me, "give yourself no airs with Ignaz Oppovich; do not turn up your nose at his homely fare, or handle his coarse napkin as if it hurt your skin, as I have seen you do here. From his door to destitution there is only a step, and bethink yourself twice before you take it. I have done all I mean to do by you, more than I shall ever be paid for. And now, good-by."

This sort of language grated very harshly on my ears at first; but I had resolved to bear my lot courageously, and conform, where I could, to the tone of those I had come down to.

I thanked him, then, respectfully and calmly, for his hospitality to me, and went my way.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AT the recent complimentary dinner given at Delmonico's to Professor S. F. B. Morse, on December 29, the following telegram was read by Cyrus W. Field:

"LONDON, 4 o'clock P.M., Dec. 29, 1868.

"CYRUS W. FIELD, *New York:*

"The members of the Joint Committee of the Anglo-American and Atlantic Telegraph Companies hear with pleasure of the banquet to be given this evening to Professor Morse, and have to greet that distinguished telegraphist, and wish him all the compliments of the season. J. C. DEANE, Secretary."

Mr. Field stated that he had sent a telegram to London in the morning, with the information that a dinner was to be given that evening in honor of Professor Morse. The answering telegram, dated "London, 4 o'clock P.M., December 29," was received in New York at 12.50 o'clock P.M., on the same day—which statement awakened laughter as well as applause, and gives a vivid idea of the lightning's speed.

Arrangements have been made to have photographs taken of the bodies placed in the Morgue, so that persons having lost friends will have better facilities for identification. Beneath each likeness is a card, with all the attendant circumstances explained, and the place of burial designated.

Some months ago the Board of Excise ordered an analysis to be made of liquors sold by retail dealers in the city. The chemist, from thirty-eight samples of whisky and brandy, found only three that he could call "*good*"—five were "fair." Some of the flavors are described as resembling "rancid lamp-oil," "vinegar," "tea," "pine shavings," and "winter-green." Appetizing, very!

The yacht *Henrietta*, with General Van Allen and party, has sailed from the port of New York for a cruise among the waters of the West Indies. The *Henrietta*, whose sea-worthiness has been repeatedly tested, is schooner-rigged, and of 205 tons burden. She carries a crew of nine men, all told, and will probably be absent on this cruise two or three months.

At a meeting held recently at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, by the Commissioners of Fisheries, Mr. Livingstone Stone, the eminent salmon-breeder of New Hampshire, related his experience in New Brunswick in endeavoring to obtain salmon spawn for the New England rivers. The greatest prejudice existed there against the work of obtaining fish spawn for stocking American waters. Eight nets that he used in catching salmon in the Miramichi River were confiscated, and every possible obstacle was put in their way by the local authorities. Thirty-two thousand salmon were nevertheless brought to the United States and safely deposited. The Miramichi swarmed with salmon, and now every thing is in proper running order for the taking of spawn, and there is every prospect next year, if the consent of the Canadian Government is obtained, of bringing two or three million of salmon to our rivers.

Somebody living in Portland, Maine, is said to be possessed with the idea that the world is soon to suffer a second deluge. So he is converting his entire property into an ark fifty feet long, fifteen feet wide, flat-bottomed, square-sterned, with round bows, and a house just aft of midships. He does not intend to launch it, but will simply store it with provisions, and proceed to keep house in it, prepared, at any time, for the rising of the waters.

The report has come from abroad that Gustave Doré and Christina Nilsson were betrothed. But now the latest account is that Doré proposed to the Swedish songstress, and was rejected. He urged his suit so persistently, however, that the lady told him she would think of the matter *six months*, and then give him a definite reply. At the end of that time she said she could not marry him. But Doré seems not to consider even this reply *definite*, and is not discouraged.

The general plan for the new Post-office in Boston has been decided upon, and work upon it will soon be commenced. The building will cost about $1,000,000, and is expected to be completed in 1871.

Illinois has discovered a new source of wealth in the Penitentiary Artesian well at Joliet. After boring through fine building stone and a thick bed of white marble, the workman struck a vein of silver. The drilling dust, on being subjected to chemical analysis, developed unquestionable silver material. The extent or richness of the vein can not be definitely known without digging a larger hole. The presence of silver in the geological formation of Illinois has never before been dreamed of by scientific men.

An amusing story is told by the Portsmouth *Journal* of the father of Miss H——, the vocalist. Some years ago he was violinist and leading singer in an old-fashioned choir where the innovation of an organ had never been made. One of the very common choir troubles dispersed the sensitive group from the orchestra one Sabbath. Mr. H—— and his violin alone remained. The minister, aware of the situation, announced to the congregation that he would read the hymn, but as there was no choir there would be no singing. After the hymn was read Mr. H—— jumped up, and thus addressed the minister: "Mr. ——, allow me to say that there *will* be both singing *and* fiddling this morning!" Without further comment he took up his bow and played and sang the hymn alone. The choir were all in their places in the afternoon.

A professional hospital nurse in Geneva, Switzerland, has been convicted of willfully killing nine patients by giving them belladonna. As her perfect sanity has been proved, various motives for her crimes have been suggested—as, the mere passion for cruelty; a scientific interest in the symptoms of death: a desire to exercise her power, and a mere wish to get rid of the more troublesome cases.

It is estimated that not less than 1[illegible],000,000 feet of lumber will be cut in the St. Croix Valley during the present winter; and that about 1600 men and 950 horses and oxen will be employed in this business.

The series of Sunday evening lectures given by Dr. Willard Parker, in the hall of the Bethel Mission House connected with Plymouth Church, have been very successful. The hall has been crowded with those apparently earnest to understand God's physical laws concerning themselves.

A runaway railroad train is something uncommon. But a short time ago on the Lake Shore Railroad a couple of passenger-cars and a couple of baggage-cars got into some difficulty on a heavy grade, and while all the employés were busy trying to settle it they broke away from the brakes, and rushed down the grade toward Cleveland. The speed increased, but the passengers, who were quietly seated inside, supposed the conductor was making up for lost time. So the train had a good run of seven miles, when it finally stopped on an up-grade. Meanwhile the railroad men, in great consternation at the flight of the train, hastened to make the engine all right, put it on the track, and went in pursuit of the fugitives, which they finally overtook, standing quietly, as if waiting for a motive power.

An interesting entertainment was given in Washington, last week, at the residence of the Italian Minister, Chevalier Marcel Cerruti. This was a holiday party for children, in which a burlesque of royalty constituted a leading feature. About seventy young folks were present, and the entertainment commenced with crowning Miss Nellie Grant, daughter of the President elect, queen of the evening. She was conducted to her throne, and Master Thornton, son of the English Minister, placed by her side as her consort. After various appointments were made, the young queen announced that she was ready to deliver her royal Message to her subjects. It was read by her lady-in-waiting, and was most happily expressed and enthusiastically received. The youthful subjects were then invited to draw tickets from an urn which, on being presented to the Prime Minister, were exchanged for valuable presents. The whole affair was heartily enjoyed by all present.

The children of the President's family gave a large party last week. About three hundred invitations were issued, and the great East Room presented a merry scene when all the juveniles were gathered there. Dancing was the amusement of the evening, and a magnificent supper-table was spread for the young folks. This entertainment was given by the President on the anniversary of his birthday.

The *Evening Mail* relates in brief a scene which recently occurred in one of our city restaurants. A full-grown, live American entered and took a seat at a table.

"Waiter."

"Yes, Sir."

"Pork and beans—quick!"

The pork and beans were brought.

Before taking the first mouthful the gentleman again proceeded:

"And, waiter—any mince-pie?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Bring me a piece—and *have it here in just three minutes.*"

The man "came to time" within two minutes—he began on the mince-pie just five minutes after he had begun on the pork and beans, and within nine minutes from the time he sat down he had paid his bill and passed out of the restaurant. No wonder that dyspepsia is a national evil!

Out of 25,760 suicides committed in France during nine successive years, 192 were committed by persons under sixteen years of age.

An aggravated case of the "Grecian Bend" was observed a short time ago at the Custom-house at St. Albans. A lady on the train from Montreal wore silks sewed in her under-clothing to the value of about $200. She was speedily relieved.

A Boston exchange says that it was stated at the recent Woman's Suffrage Convention that in the city of Boston women are taxed upon $28,000,000 of real estate, and $13,000,000 of personal property. Eighty or ninety out of every 100 of the school-teachers of Massachusetts are women; yet women are not represented on the State Board of Education or upon the town committees, except in two towns. Monroe, the smallest town in the State, has elected one woman for a series of years; while Reading last year placed three women on its school committee.

When, after great agitation, the momentous question of "woman's rights" is settled, and it is unanimously decided that she is capable of understanding what is for the public weal, it is probable that one of the first things she will vote into existence in this city will be a *spitting*-car. It is quite as important as a smoking-car. And if we rightly interpret the irrepressible disgust with which women view the filthy habits of some men in the cars, a goodly number will be quite ready to lend their aid to improve matters. No cultured gentleman, still less a neat, refined lady, can sit opposite or near a "spitter" in our city cars without being intensely annoyed and disgusted.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A "COOL CHARACTER"—"Jack Frost."

"LIGHT" READING—A motto in fire-works.

POOR FELLOW!—A young gentleman of our acquaintance, on being asked, a day or two ago, whether he he didn't very much admire Dickens's "Carol," said that he greatly preferred his own Carol-*ine!*

A person who had been listening to a very dull address, remarked that every thing "went off well," *especially the audience.*

A young fellow was taking a sleigh-ride with a pretty girl, when he met a minister who was celebrated for tying the matrimonial knot at short notice. He stopped him, and asked, hurriedly:

"Can you tie a knot or me?"

"Yes," said Brother B——, "I guess so; when do you want it done?"

"Well, right away," was the reply; "is it lawful, though, here in the highway?"

"Oh yes; this is as good a place as any—as safe as the church itself."

"Well, then, I want a knot tied in my horse's tail, to keep it out of the snow!" shouted the wicked wag, as he drove rapidly away.

A little three-year-old was considerably excited the other day by seeing the cat kill a mouse. The next day she asked her mother, suddenly:

"Who made the birdies?"

"God made them, my child."

"Who feeds the birdies, mamma?"

"God feeds them."

"Mamma, who made the mices?" she continued.

"God made them."

The little one was thoughtful a moment, and then asked, energetically:

"Does God keep a cat?"

The mother told her she would tell her all about it when she got older, but for the present she had better go play with her India-rubber doll.

The *Farmer's Magazine* is, of course, one of the "*Cereals!*"

"CORK SCREWS"—Fellows who spare their wine.

A MAIDEN'S "PSALM OF LIFE."

Tell us not in idle jingle
 "Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
 And girls are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
 Single blessedness a fib!
"Man thou art, to man returnest!"
 Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
 Finds us nearer marriage-day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still, like pleasant drums, are beating
 Wedding-marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a heroine—a wife!

Trust no future, however pleasant,
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act to the living Present!
 Heart within and hope ahead!

Lives of married folks remind us
 We can live our lives as well,
And, departing, leave behind us,
 Such examples as shall "tell."

Such examples, that another,
 Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart on triumph set;
Still contriving, still pursuing,
 And each one a husband get.

At an hotel dinner a gentleman observed a person who sat opposite use a tooth-pick which had just done the same service to his neighbor. Wishing to apprise him of his mistake, he said, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but you are using Mr. ——'s tooth-pick." "I know I am. Do you think that I am not going to return it?"

MEM. BY OUR OWN PHILOSOPHER.—People who are always in *hot water* must be rather *soft.*

"I'll bring you down to the hard-pan of truth, Sir!" said a lawyer to the "opposing counsel." "Very well," was the reply; "that's the *pan*, I suppose, that you just *flashed* in!"

"A MELANCHOLY REFLECTION."—The top of a bald head in a looking-glass.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT PRESENTS.

A liquor-case is a good thing to present to the president of a temperance society, as he will always be sure to keep it carefully where it won't be hurt.

Pen-wipers are a good article to present to literary gentlemen, as they never have over a dozen or two sent them by lady admirers in the course of the year.

To an old gentleman with false teeth a gold tooth-pick is a neat and appropriate present.

For very small children it is well to buy freshly-painted toys; the sucking of the paint will afford them other pleasures besides those designed by the manufacturer.

In buying any thing for a gentleman who smokes, always select one of the ingeniously impossible articles which are to be found in the fancy-goods stores. Cigar-cases that are too short for any brand of cigar; cigar-boxes with springs which no human being but the tradesman is able to work; wonderful cigar-lights that are very difficult to ignite, smell frightfully, and send a shower of sparks over the clothing when you attempt to extinguish them.

For your washer-woman or boot-black buy some elegant trifle of Bric-a-Brac; it is their affair if they haven't got a marble mantle or what-not to put them on, and not yours.

If you have any strong Calvinistic friends, a pack of playing-cards or an opera-glass will be a very lively surprise for them; and a gift of a good heavy volume of dry sermons is appropriate for your fashionable young friend.

In buying books for children select a good, dismal story of an unnatural child who puts his spending-money in the missionary-box.

The best presents for an insane man—Presence of mind.

For a deaf man—New (Y)ear's present.

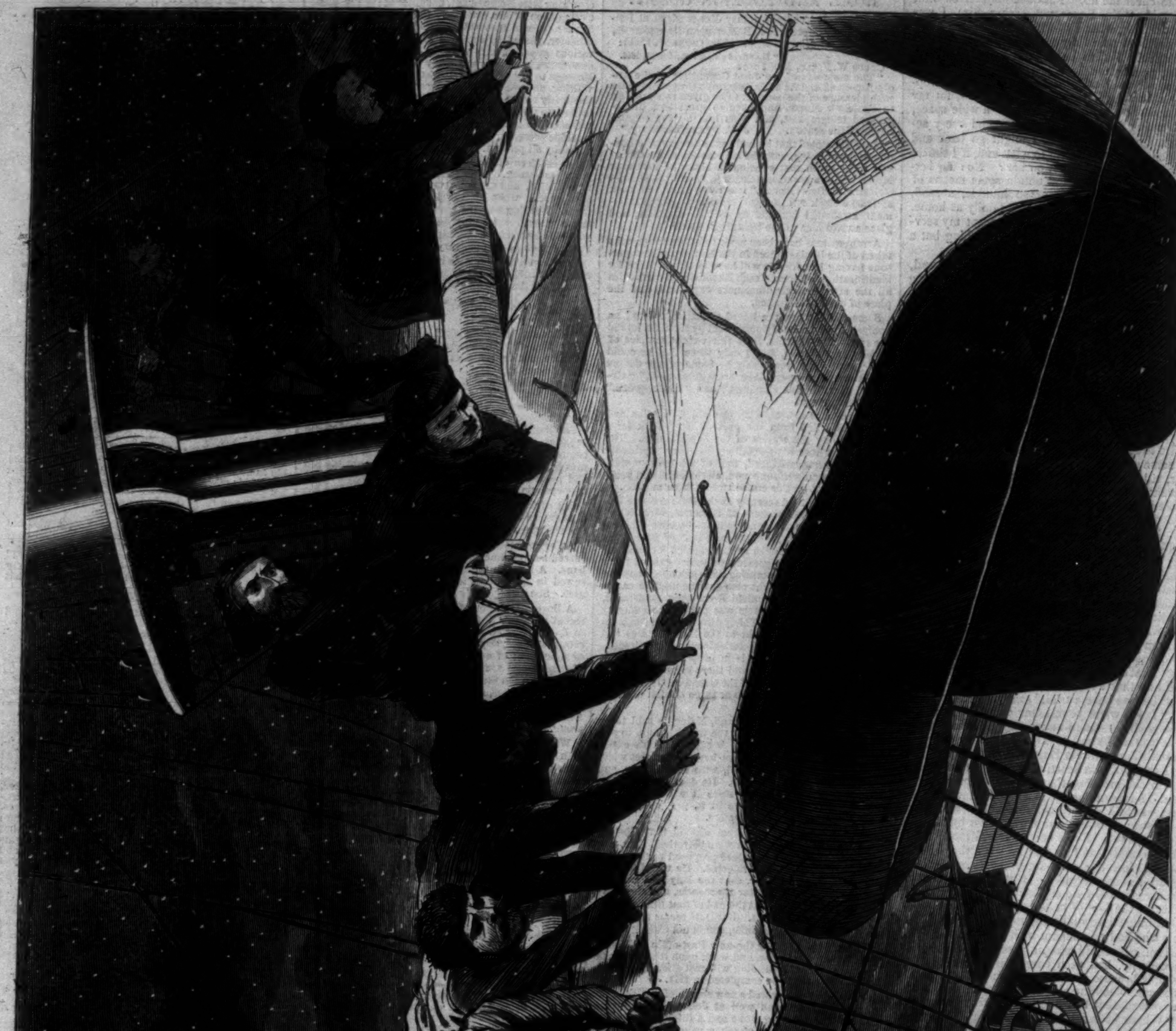
"How long can a fool live?" asked a lawyer of a witness that he was examining.

"I don't know, I'm sure, Sir. How long have you lived?" was the answer.

GOOD WORDS FOR THE YOUNG—"Dinner's ready."

IN ANSWER TO MANY INQUIRIES

AS TO HOW HE "STANDS" THIS COLD WEATHER, TODDLETON RESPECTFULLY, BUT FIRMLY, CALLS ATTENTION TO THE ABOVE ELUCIDATION OF THE ENIGMA.



WINTER AT SEA—TAKING IN SAIL OFF THE COAST.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 37.]

CUSTER'S INDIAN SCOUTS CELEBRATING THE VICTORY OVER BLACK KETTLE.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE INDIAN WAR.

THE Indian Peace Commission of 1867 accomplished greater harm than benefit. Treaties were entered into with the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches, and at the recommendation of the Commission the Powder River country was abandoned. This latter action was construed as the result of timidity on the part of the Government, and immediately the Sioux extended their depredations to the Pacific Railroad, on the Platte, while the Indians south of the Arkansas attempted to drive the whites out of the Smoky Hill country.

Last August the Cheyennes took the war-path, and the valleys of the Saline and Solomon rivers became the theatre of a relentless savage war. It was at first supposed that the Cheyennes were about to attack a hostile tribe, but soon the mask was laid aside, and in less than a month one hundred whites fell victims to the tomahawk and scalping-knife. The chiefs of the Arrapahoes had promised to proceed to Fort Cobb and get their annuities, and thence withdraw to their reservation. Instead of fulfilling their promises, they began a series of depredations on the line between Fort Wallace and Denver, in Colorado Territory. The Kiowas and Comanches about the same time entered into an agreement at Fort Zarah to remain at peace, and left with that impression fixed on the minds of those who represented the Government. The next information was that the Kiowas and Comanches had joined the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes. General SHERIDAN, taking the practical view of the condition of affairs within the limits of his department, at once transferred his head-quarters to the field, and commenced preparations for a determined war. General SULLY's fight near this point, FORSYTH's gallant fight on the Arrikaree fork of the Republican, CARPENTER's and GRAHAM's fight on the Beaver branch of the Republican, General CARR's decisive fight in the same vicinity, and General CUS-

THE SCALPED HUNTER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WM. S. SOULE.]

CUSTER'S COMMAND SHOOTING DOWN WORTHLESS HORSES.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

TER's annihilation of BLACK KETTLE's band in the battle of the Washita, besides a number of small engagements, is the fighting record of three months. It would be a low estimate to say that at least 300 warriors have been killed since the war broke out. Two hundred and fifty are officially accounted for. The dexterity of the Indian in getting off his dead would largely increase the official count, which is based upon an accurate knowledge of the Indian loss from the bodies seen carried off, or which fell into the possession of the troops. Nor have the wounded been estimated; and it is quite natural to suppose that in a loss of two hundred and fifty warriors killed many more were wounded, of which a fair proportion may be called mortally, and subsequently died.

The desperation of the fighting at the battle of the Washita may be judged from the fact that no male prisoners over eight years of age were taken.

One of our illustrations on page 41 represents General CUSTER's command shooting down the poor stock captured from BLACK KETTLE's band. Another represents the Indian scouts of CUSTER's command celebrating the victory over BLACK KETTLE. These scouts are Osages and Kaws. The celebration took place at night around a large wood-fire, encircled by officers and men who formed a ring comprising hundreds in number—the front rows sitting down or kneeling. The ceremonies were enlivened by music from the military bands. Inside the circle, by the Indian drummers, sat Generals SHERIDAN, CUSTER, FORSYTH, and staff-officers. The Indians were highly painted, and adorned with shields, spears, war-bonnets, bows, whistles, and other "toggery."

A third cut represents the body of RALPH MORRISON, killed and scalped by the Indians near Fort Dodge, Kansas. A correspondent from Fort Dodge sends us the following description:

Messrs. Editors:

The above is probably the only picture ever taken on the Plains of the body of a scalped man, photographed from the corpse itself, and within an hour after the deed was done.

The 7th December Mr. RALPH MORRISON, a hunter, was murdered and scalped by the Cheyenne Indians within less than a mile of this post. Mr. WILLIAM S. SOULE, chief clerk in Mr. JOHN E. TAPPAN's trading establishment, an amateur artist, availed himself of the opportunity to benefit science and gratify the curiosity of your readers, by taking a counterfeit presentment of the body literally on the spot.

The pose of the remains is delineated exactly as left by the savages, the horrible contortion of the ghastly features, the apertures left by the deadly bullet, the reeking scalp, the wounds, the despoiled pockets of the victim, all are true to life, anomalous as the presentment of death may seem.

It is a satisfaction to know that the Indians suffered severely for their bloody act, two being killed by a percussion-shell from a Parrott gun belonging to the ordnance of Fort Dodge, served with admirable precision by Ordnance-sergeant HUGHES.

The Indians were promptly pursued, and two more of their saddles emptied by our scouts, whose chief, Mr. JOHN O. AUSTIN, is represented on the right of the picture. The officer is Lieutenant READE, Third Infantry. In this connection it may not be amiss to say that Mr. AUSTIN referred to, although unknown to Eastern journals, is one of the most experienced and daring scouts on the Plains. He bears upon his person many marks of his adventurous life. Years ago he was wounded in the head and face by arrows in an encounter with the Kiowas, fourteen miles west of the present site of Fort Dodge. October 5, next year, while scouting with Captain NEWBY, of the Mounted Rifle Corps, his right hand was literally cut in two by a tomahawk thrown by a wounded Arrapahoe chief. In April, 1859, his left arm was broken by an Apache Indian in a fight between Fort Craig and Selden, New Mexico. In the summer of 1860 the Cheyennes sent an arrow into his right knee near Bent's Fort, Colorado Territory; and during the succeeding year a band of Texas desperadoes left him apparently dead after a bloody fight about sixty miles from Fort Garland, New Mexico.

All of these mishaps, however, did not prevent this hardy frontiersman from doing invaluable service for the Union during the late war, in the execution of which he was wounded in the back the evening before the battle of Chickamanga.

Such men are seldom met with, and when known deserve well of the country. A. B. C.

OUR ABSENT FRIEND.

I.

I FEEL I am placing myself in somewhat a false position, confessing as I do from the outset, that I am about to reveal an absent friend's faults, and have a laugh with you over his eccentricities; and yet he is such a dear old friend—if he reads these lines and recognizes his own portrait, I shall expect him to forgive me.

When first I became acquainted with George Thorold I thought him a little foolish and a great curiosity. He was immensely tall, his legs appeared to be attached to his body by strings, and to move independently. His clothes were bygone and quaint in fashion, and as if expressly made to set off the angles of his figure. He was notable in the streets by the large and spotted scarf, from which, like lynx's ears, rose his high shirt-collar; his hat on the very back of his head, and a large eye-glass set in antique gold.

I met George Thorold first in Devonshire, where I was spending Christmas week at a friend's country house. He came into the library with his hat on, and retained it during the entire visit. I remember there was snow on its crown and brim, which made it appear all the more eccentric. The children of the house followed in his rear like a little tornado, and before he was well seated, climbed on his knees, put snow-balls into the pockets of his swallow-tail coat, and paraded his umbrella.

He was too near-sighted to perceive, or too good-natured to notice the smiles which passed like electricity from lip to lip, and as to the children's somewhat overpowering attentions, he only exclaimed from time to time, in a good-humored abrupt tone,

"Oh! you villains; keep quiet, you little villains."

An appeal which I am bound to state had little effect on their juvenile hearts.

Diana, one of my fair hostesses, rose to his assistance, and dispatched the youngsters to the school-room. Then, taking the chair next him (she had been previously sitting beside me), she inquired after the health of his family. He appeared curiously uncertain on this point, judging by his answers. He first stated, classing them all under one head, that "they were all quite well, thank you." But when asked after each individually, one had a headache, another a sprained ankle, and two or three were suffering from influenza.

Diana informed him in return that her mother, Lady Waldron, was also in bed, suffering tortures from earache. He looked at her vacantly, and then, under a vague impression that some jest was going its round, he broke into a short laugh.

When he rose to depart he walked into the library-press instead of out at the room door. Diana again came to his assistance, but even she could not repress a laugh when she perceived the melted snow-balls dripping from the points of his swallow-tail coat. He bore the discovery with perfect good temper, put their remains into the hands of the astonished footman, and left the house smiling as he had come in. When he was fairly gone, my amusement, which had been nipped in the bud by Diana, shone again over my countenance, heralding a burst of laughter from the assembled party.

"Have you never seen him before? Do you mean to say you have never met 'our absent friend?' Why he's known all over the country by no other name."

I ventured to ask, hesitatingly, "was he at all—I meant was he considered as—quite—quite—"

"Perfectly," replied Diana, "I understand what you mean. He is perfectly right, I can assure you; and what's more, he could buy and sell you and every one of us put together."

I am aware that my face assumed a somewhat supercilious expression, and she continued eagerly:

"I don't mean, of course, that he's rich, because he's as poor as a church rat, but that he's so immensely clever. He's a first-rate astronomer, mathematician, and naturalist, is not that enough? and besides all this, he's the best son in the world. His poor mother is paralyzed, and he wheels her all over the country in her bath-chair. He never sees the puddles, poor old fellow, and walks right through them. He carries her up and down stairs every day of her life, and once, when she was very ill, he ran all the way into town in his dressing-gown and carpet-slippers! So now you ought not to laugh at him—ought you?" Diana laughed herself when she asked me this question; but there was a tear in her eye, and though she called him "old" in her foolish random way of talking, George Thorold was certainly not over thirty.

The next time I met "our absent friend" was in chambers in London. I had received a letter from Diana a day or two previously, requesting me to call upon him. His mother was dead; he was in very low spirits, and going to be called to the bar. She told me in her usual vague way of writing, "He was eating his terms, and she was afraid he did not seem to relish them." I found him located in the very heart of the city, at the top of one of its highest houses; my legs ached before I reached the summit, but he gave me ample time to rest them, as he kept me fully ten minutes waiting outside his door.

At length it opened, and he appeared upon the landing in an Indian-patterned dressing-gown and scarlet slippers.

"How are you? Very glad to see you," he said, quite affectionately, though I saw at a glance he had not the faintest idea who I was—"Very glad to see you. Come in, that's a good fellow, and take a seat by the fire. This is very cold weather. Eh?" and taking me by the arm he led me into his room. I must remark here there was no fire, neither was the morning such as called for one. He, however, seconded the proposal he had originally made, and drew in a horse-hair arm-chair beside the empty grate. I observed he looked both paler and thinner than when I had first seen him. I apologized for disturbing him, and perceiving a something in his greeting which fell short of recognition I reminded him where we had met, and who bade me visit him.

"Ah! yes," he said, "ah! yes; she's a good girl. She's a dear girl. How is she? Ah! yes." He rubbed his large hands vigorously together—a peculiar habit of his—and added abruptly, "Diana Waldron is going to be married?"

"Yes; I—I believe so."

"Who's the lucky fellow, do you know?"

"Well, really, I—I believe *I* am."

"You! You don't say so." He looked up at me with a sudden brightness, for his eyes seemed generally covered with fog, "I wish you joy, old fellow. You've drawn a prize. You must come and dine with me to-night, and drink her health." Again he chafed his hands violently and fell into a sudden gloom.

"Certainly, with pleasure. At what hour do you dine?"

"Six o'clock sharp."

"All right." I took up my hat to go.

"Or, stay. If seven suits you better you may come at seven."

"Six is quite as convenient to me."

"Very well; six let it be." He opened the door to let me out, and I went down the staircase in a state of mixed amusement and pity.

At six o'clock sharp I tramped up them again, and presented myself at his chambers. I knocked with my walking-stick several times, but as there was no answer, and the door lay slightly ajar, I walked in.

My friend was particularly absent on this occasion; in fact, he was not at home, neither was there any sign, preparation for, or odor of dinner. I sat down in the arm-chair to await his return. I was not accustomed to dine before seven, so the delay was of little consequence. I amused myself meantime glancing round the apartment and taking in its contents.

On the table where dinner ought at this moment to have been smoking in fragrant hospitality, stood a dish of paste, so stale that its surface was covered with mould; close beside it was a microscope and box of slides, and under this a MS. My curiosity prompted me to rise and look further. The MS. was headed, "Some remarks on the cuticle of the frog's eye, as seen under the microscope." Another MS. lay beside this again; it was headed, "Planetary revolutions and lunar influences, with notes on rivers, lakes, and tidal irregularities."

On a chair beside the table lay a picture on its face. I raised it to see if it were a portrait; but it proved to be a copy of Paul de la Roche's exquisite picture of the Floating Martyr, executed by our absent friend's own hand, as his initials were in the corner. It was a rough copy, certainly, but he had contrived to catch, with perfect faithfulness, the wonderful beauty and purity of the face. It was, evidently, his ideal type of female loveliness. There were innumerable cases of insects and butterflies arranged round the walls of the apartment; but in vain I searched for any law digests, or the well-known cover of Blackstone's Commentaries; or, in fact, any thing touching on the profession to which he was to be called.

"If any poor wretch wanted a wife to look after him and his guests, Thorold does," I groaned, as I rose and looked longingly out of the window, depressed, hungry, and almost angry. At half past seven o'clock I gave up my vigil, and going down, dined instead at the Cock in Fleet Street.

I did not see "our absent friend" for about a fortnight after this flagrant instance of abstraction. I expected he would have called upon me to explain its cause, and I purposely abstained from visiting him, lest he should think I was seeking an apology. I found I was over-scrupulous, as he never, in the most distant manner, alluded to the invitation or its finale; except, indeed, to give it *de novo*.

This time I refused, begging, instead, that he would come and dine with me at my club in the West End.

He promised he would do so, and to prevent a second failure of his memory, I called for him myself at the appointed day, and walked with him to our destination.

We had a very pleasant dinner. I had asked three or four literary friends to meet him, and a couple of barristers. He was shy and silent at first, but I led the conversation gradually to some of his favorite themes, and he waxed quietly eloquent. He crumbled up his bread, and rolled it into gray pellets. He put the dining-napkin in his pocket in mistake for his handkerchief, and removed it again at the instance of the grinning waiter, without the slightest *mauvaise honte;* but he wounded my feelings not a little by his perfect unconsciousness of the nature of his food. Having finished the breast and wing of a partridge, he rubbed his hands pleasantly together and ejaculated, "Excellent mutton that!"

An elderly military gentleman, dining at a table close by, became evidently interested in our eccentric guest and his conversation; and when we adjourned, later on, to the smoking-room, followed us there.

Thorold did not smoke; he told us, ingenuously, his poor mother had a dislike to it, so he had given it up. I could see curious eyes fixed on my poor friend from various parts of the room; but he was perfectly unconscious, and serenely happy in the scientific conversation of the Indian officer, who, having followed us into the room, now made himself one of our party.

He was a handsome old fellow, short, stout, and rather abrupt in his manner, with close-cropped bristling hair, and long gray mustaches. He was a new member, but I learned from one of our party that his name was Lawrence, and that he was not only a brave old warrior, but as rich as Crœsus.

They talked on till past midnight, a strange contrast to us lookers-on and listeners. The soldier standing on the rug with his back to the fire—keen-eyed, and impetuous in words and gesture. Thorold, leaning on the corner of the mantle-piece, long-legged and dreamy-eyed, with his tawny hair hanging over his forehead, apparently half-asleep, but when a question touched the key-note of his mind, the transformation was as sudden as it was startling—first, the violent palm-rubbing, then a toss of the head, which shook back the depending locks, a brightening of every feature, making him as handsome and intellectual-looking a fellow as one would care to see; a flow of modest, unassuming language, fraught with interest, and showing profound learning and research; a rapid twirling round and round of the antique eye-glass till the subject was ended, when, passing out of sunshine, he entered his usual fog.

George Thorold was a failure at the bar, yet he soon made his mark in London: he became known to a large literary and scientific circle; was courted by many who took a genuine interest in hearing him discuss abstruse disputed points, and by those who wished also to turn his talents to account. So he found employment, after a time, more suited to his tastes. He wrote grave leaders for the best papers; astronomical articles for scientific journals; and notes on natural history for various serials; but the occupation he delighted in was reviewing. He read new books with a keen interest, and reviewed them with an acuteness and truth which left no loop-hole for the claims of private friendship. If a book was bad, weak, or faulty, it was bad, weak, and faulty, though his very brother had been the author.

As we grew to be chums, poor George Thorold and I, I became more and more anxious on one point, and that was that he should marry, and have a good wife to look after him.

His room was becoming a literary Augean stable, and his dress a sport for the little boys in the street. I laid many a trap to insnare him. I introduced him at literary parties to all the young blues I thought might hit his intellectual fancy, but he did not seem to see either it or them. I really don't think when he got into one of his dreamy moods that he knew whether he was talking to a man or a woman, and I remarked that frequently he called little girls by boys' names, and spoke to little boys as if they were girls.

I had him put up for my club, but he was so helpless about finding his way across town, I feared it would be but little use to him. When tired he would step into the first omnibus passing, and often found himself at Kentishtown when his destination was at Bayswater.

The only place to which he ever seemed capable of finding his way unassisted was the British Museum. Here he would have been contented, I believe, to eat, drink, and sleep, if such a thing had been possible, and never ask to wander outside its sacred precincts into the garish world. He wrote his leaders there, reviewed his books, stored his brain with a maddening amount of extra knowledge, and grew more absent than ever.

I grew almost jealous of the library and its charms, shutting Thorold out, as it did, from his friends and admirers, and became weary of his rapturous praise of "that wonderful room," as he enthusiastically termed the reading-room. But shortly before I left London for my marriage, it dawned upon my mind that it was not impossible he might find there that still more wonderful thing—a wife.

I had observed, it is true, when reading there, that Thorold was a subject of curiosity to some, and mirth to others. The door-keepers smiled as they let him in, and the library clerks shrugged their shoulders; but especially the lady-readers looked up wonderingly when he walked past them.

I had also on one occasion noticed a lady who invariably chose the seat next him, drawing a caricature of him in her note-book, and I saw it afterward down stairs in the luncheon-room, where she was showing it to her friends. It was not well done, but it had caught his weak points, and I heard her say, in a whisper, to a young lady next her, "He looks like a harmless lunatic, but do you know I've heard he is awfully deep in natural history, and that he writes reviews for some of the best papers? It might be worth while to make up to him, don't you think so?"

I could neither see the lady she spoke to, nor hear her answer; but I guessed the caricaturist received a snub, for she rose from the table with a sneer, and, taking up her note-book, left the room.

Each day that I either visited the library or called there in the afternoon for my "absent friend," I found her seated next him: she seemed bent on making his acquaintance; she borrowed his penknife, asked him to assist her in placing books on her book-stand, and dropped papers and pencils on the floor, that he might pick them up.

I wondered whether George remarked these attentions on her part, and once I ventured to probe him on the subject, though in the most delicate manner possible; to my surprise, he broke loose at once.

"See here now, my dear fellow, these women are the only drawbacks to the place. They whisper like snakes, and cough like alligators; they never sit still; they pile up books around them and read nothing. What that woman does who sits next me would puzzle Solomon. She gets down books on natural history by the score, the lives of all the entomologists who ever breathed, and never seems to read any of them—and she's so strangely inartistic. She has the figure of a girl and the face of a Gorgon! Ugh!" He shuddered, but fell back on the fact that the library was a wonderful place—he had never seen any thing like it.

I perceived, by this little burst of confidence, an absent man is often much more present than we think. He had struck off in a few words the exact likeness of his neighbor; but though at this time I thought *any* wife for him would be better than none, I forbore to argue the question.

A fortnight later, however, just before I left town, I had occasion to allude to it once more; dining at our club, we met again the same Indian officer who had previously made our acquaintance; he sat down at our table while we were waiting for dinner, and entered into conversation. After some desultory remarks to me, he turned to Thorold and observed, shortly,

"You are a reader at the British Museum, I believe?"

"Yes," stammered Thorold, startled from a reverie; "yes, yes, I am. Do you read there also?"

"No," replied the old Colonel, with a quaint smile at the supposition; "but my daughter does; she has a great taste for natural history, and entomology, and all that sort of thing; and as I have led too wandering a life to have many books on the subject, or in fact on any subject at all, I encourage her to read there; it is a nice, quiet place for ladies, I believe?"

Observing that Thorold had fallen back into his reverie, I answered for him, replying that it was as quiet and suitable a place as he could wish, and asking him, as a matter of politeness,

whether his daughter had as yet published any of her writings.

"No, no, not as yet," observed the old gentleman, crossing his knees and drawing down his gray mustache; "but we intend to do something of the kind. I am no great judge, but she seems to be getting on nicely; she often meets your friend there," he added, in a whisper, "she has taken quite a fancy to him, she has the strangest notions for a girl of her age, but I generally find there is some sense at the bottom of them all."

The old soldier would have gone on babbling about his child forever, I think, if dinner had not been placed on our table, and he moved away.

After dinner, walking home with poor George, I ventured to place the matter before him again.

"I say, Thorold, that old Colonel is as rich as Crœsus. The men at the club say he is worth nearly a million, and I've made a discovery for you! That girl who sits next you in the library must be Miss Lawrence, his daughter, for he told me to-night she had taken a fancy to you; why not go in for her at once, man, and your fortune is made!"

My absent friend startled me by his hoarse laugh; he withdrew his hand from my arm, so as to chafe his palms with unwonted vigor.

"Sell myself to that Gorgon! Give up my glorious freedom for a woman with the head of Medusa and the tongue of a Cobra—ha, ha!" He thrust his arm in mine again, and made no further allusion to the subject.

Imagine then, good reader, my surprise on my return to London some three months later, to hear that George, "our absent friend," George Thorold was on the eve of matrimony, and *that* with the very daughter of the millionaire he had so indignantly repudiated.

The rest of my absent friend's history must therefore be written from hearsay information, instead of from personal observation; but, believe me, this information I have gathered with great care and exactness from the two best sources.

After my departure for Devonshire and for marriage, George still continued to make the British Museum his home, the comfortable warmth of its library was becoming more and more acceptable as the winter weather drew on; but he wrote to me from time to time, and I found to my surprise his letters to be both interesting and entertaining. He told me his literary hours were still haunted by the Gorgon; she was growing more confidential with him, and had informed him she was writing a book on natural history for young people; she had asked his advice on many points, and had even gone so far as to hint delicately that a review from his pen might be the making of her book. But as far as I could glean, the heart of George Thorold still remained untouched.

One eventful morning, in the month of November—eventful to me, as it was the morning of my wedding-day, but also a period to be long remembered by two others—George Thorold made his way as usual to the gates of the British Museum.

He was late, very late, he had been correcting some proof-sheets for a friend in the Temple; but even though he had only an hour left to enjoy his daily luxury, and the snow was falling heavily, he could not make up his mind to relinquish it. He found his way to his customary seat, drew out his manuscripts, and placed his snow-laden hat and comforter on the padded table before him.

The Gorgon was in the Museum, but down at lunch, for her books and papers were heaped as usual upon her desk. George fell at once, as he always did, headlong into his work, oblivious of all surrounding circumstances. What he gave his head to he gave his heart to also—and one spoke through the other. He was lost then, I say—lost to our globe and its mundane inhabitants; he was among the planets, fixing the temperature of Mars, or measuring the belt of Saturn.

But, hush! there was a step drawing near; a sound of velvet or cashmere sweeping the muffled floor, a fluttering breath at his shoulder, and the smallest of white hands laid upon his table.

Had she found him again? Oh, horror!—nay, had ever Gorgon so white a hand? or Cobra so beguiling a whisper?

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but may I lift off these papers?" and a lady, leaning forward, sought to gather some manuscripts from the desk before him.

George Thorold pushed back his chair and stood up, covered with ruddy shame and awkward embarrassment.

"I beg yours, Madam; for I fear I have taken your place."

"Pray, do not disturb yourself. I have finished my work for to-day, and my father is waiting for me outside." But the blush on her cheek was the purest carmine, and her manner the essence of refinement.

She gathered her papers in her hand, gave Thorold a gracious bow and a rare smile, and went out, carrying with her the lost peace of a bachelor's lifetime.

There had been spectators of the scene; the Gorgon had returned to her desk, and her ill-suppressed titter had broken the hush of the hall. A young library clerk was still smiling when Thorold resumed his seat. But the atmosphere of Mars was no longer ascertainable—the belt of Saturn was broken, and Venus, forsaking the firmament, had chained him to earth with her girdle.

When an absent man falls in love, his case is desperate. All the concentration of an intense, and often a great mind, is brought to bear on one object, and he becomes a nonentity to all others.

His case would be hopeless too, as well as desperate, owing to his manifold blunders, were it not that women invariably look on absent men as objects of gentle compassion and tender respect. They treat them as a different race to ordinary men—creatures to whom they may bend the knee of homage, while they extend the hand of pity; and pity is akin to—we all know what.

From the fatal effects of the encounter in the library of the British Museum on the seventh of November George Thorold never recovered. He went through his work, it is true, faithfully; but that was labor now which had been joy. He went daily to his desk in the library, but for what? To catch a glimpse of that divine artistic study, comparable only in its calm innocence and serene repose to the Floating Martyr of Paul de la Roche.

The Gorgon's literary labors were ended, and she disappeared for a season; and this vision "took the vacant chair beside him." She also was writing a book on natural history; she also collected volumes around her, borne to her desk by obsequious clerks; but there was a womanly earnestness of purpose and intentness of plan visible even in the bend of her graceful neck.

But all things came to an end, and so did her literary labor also. George Thorold saw her write the word "Finis" at the foot of her manuscript; heard the little triumphant sigh over a pleasant work happily accomplished, and feared she was lost to him forever!

After a month's absence, for lack of better informer, he shyly questioned the door-keeper. The man was obtuse at first, or poor George's whispered queries were too vague.

"Is it the lady, Sir, with the gray dress and the black bonnet?"

"I don't remember the exact color of the dress," sighed George; "but—but—the lady who—who—sometimes sat next me."

"Next you, Sir; close to the door?"

"Yes; close to the door."

"Oh! then I know well; that is Miss Winter, Sir. Her father has a fine business in the city, and the young lady is about bringing out a book, I hear."

"Thank you," said George, "her name is Miss Winter; thank you," and he went down the passage and out into the court-yard. The name "Winter" sounded cold, and "the city," to say the least, sounded indefinite.

I must now pass over a space of two months, for during that time my absent friend can recall no one event or landmark; he absolutely can not remember at whose house he dined on Christmas or New-Year's Day, or whether he had any dinner at all; neither can my intelligent friend assist me. But on a certain evening in January, during the miserable week when the doors of the British Museum are invariably closed, two books were left at the chambers of George Thorold.

One came from the office of the —— newspaper, for the purpose of reviewal, and was published by an eminent city firm.

The other came from the office of the *Daily* ——, and was published on the mutual half-profit system, and by a strange coincidence both books were on the same subject, and heralded into the public world by almost the same titles.

Poor George set himself down in his old armchair by the fire, and placed the new books on the reading-table before him; he remembered every circumstance of this evening with a ghastly distinctness; the very cover of the mutual half-profit system, shabby in its gaudiness and gilding. He read its title-page wearily, paused a moment over the name, "Natural History Made Easy," glanced lower down at the author's name and dedication: "By Miss Winter, and dedicated with much respect and gratitude to her companion in literature, George Thorold, Esq."

There was a deep flush on his cheek, and the pages were cut with a trembling hand. He held an unexpected happiness within his grasp. He was going to read *her* thoughts, to fathom the subtle essence of her pure mind, to watch her gentle spirit stooping to childhood's ears.

Eight o'clock—nine o'clock—ten o'clock passed over his head unnoticed. Midnight found him closing the crimson covers, grave and dejected; what must be the reviewer's verdict, for the head must speak truth, though the heart rise up in rebellion!

Long words, false statements, dry matter, exploded theories, all entomological rubbish! Now for the heart's verdict. Alas! human nature is weak, and the title-page had won over the jury before even the case was heard; the reviewer's cheeks blanched in the strife, but love conquered.

A guilty conscience can not sleep. George knew it were vain to make the experiment. So, trimming his lamp afresh and laying his manuscript aside, he drew the second volume toward him. What interest, what fresh chord could its sober cover or dull title-page strike in his breast?

"A Chase after Butterflies for very dull Children: dedicated to my dull Nephew, Jack, by Miss Lawrence." Miss Lawrence—'twas the Gorgon's book! It, too, had fallen into his hand, and he could crush it in his bitterness; he is in the humor to wield the dissecting knife daringly and cruelly; he has given a sop to his heart, let him satisfy his head now. The print is good, the paper is toned, but the matter must be bad.

At four o'clock the volume was closed, with an almost sepulchral groan, and again the true head spoke the verdict.

Easy words, modest talent, graceful pictures, truth made easy, vivid language, good from cover to cover, from the first initial letter to the last word—finis.

The reviewer's knife might wound it, but not kill; it must rise in the end triumphant; but it was written by the Gorgon, whose hissing titter still rang discordant in his ears. The second review was written, its pages were palsied with cold criticism and damned with faint praise. The oil was exhausted, the lamp was dying out, and George, still hugging fondly the words of the gaudy title-page, lay down to rest.

Morning came cold and gray; he rose unrefreshed, and, putting the reviews in his pocket, went down into the street, crossing over to the shop where he usually breakfasted. He told me since he was in the act of raising his coffee-cup to his mouth when the utter meanness of his conduct burst upon his mind; he set down the cup untasted, rose up, drew the reviews from his swallow-tailed coat, and placed them in the heart of the coffee-room fire.

Whether he ate his breakfast or not after this sudden act he can not remember; he knows that later on in the day he was at his club, and there met Colonel Lawrence, who asked him had he seen his daughter's book? He answered shortly that he had, and immediately taking up his hat left the room. When he got out into the street he found the hat was not his own, but he had not the courage necessary to meet again the Gorgon's father; he returned to his chambers, and, taking up the books, recommenced the task of their reviewal.

He took Miss Winter's first, he was determined to put himself out of pain at once. He wrote and wrote, feeling that with each word, each stroke of the pen, he was cutting the one link which might have bound her to him. Her innocent dedication rose up again and again to protest against such cruelty; but he turned his face from it. It is true he gleaned out the few sentences worthy of praise, and gave them honor due, but they were few and far between. He suggested improvements, held out hopes of doing better, and laid aside his pen with a heavy heart.

The next review he treated with the natural honesty of his nature; he gave it full credit for its easy simplicity and adaptation to the ages for which it had been written. He recommended it to mothers and teachers, and wound up with hearty encouragement and promises of future success. He went out, dropped the reviews into the editors' boxes, and walked he does not remember where, but half over London, till hunger beckoned him into a strange eating-house, and sleep drove him home in an omnibus to bed.

A fortnight later he was sitting in his room, cold and miserable, his fire having gone out, when a knock came to the outer door to arouse him. He rose up, with a dejected countenance, and went out to open it; his life had been one chaotic misery since he read his own reviews in the morning papers. He had not even taken courage to make his usual pilgrimage to club or museum; he feared to meet the Colonel at the former, or the ill-used Miss Winter at the latter.

He opened his door unguardedly, like the foolish goat in the fable, and the wolf came in, in the person of Colonel Lawrence.

"Good-morning, Mr. Thorold; this is rather an early hour, I fear, for intruding upon your privacy?"

"Not at all—pray walk in."

"I came to see," said the old veteran, following Thorold into his sanctum, "whether you could have taken my hat from the club in mistake for your own; mine was a white felt one, with a narrow band of black silk braid, and this one, I think, is yours, for your initials are printed inside it."

George knew the old hat well. It was his mother, who, long ago, knowing her son's infirmities, had marked his name in the crown.

"This one, then, I suppose is yours," George said, removing a white hat from the bald head of a lay figure in the corner.

The Colonel received it with a good-tempered smile, refusing to hear any apologies, and sat down.

"Well, Mr. Thorold," he said, bustling a little nervously into the subject uppermost in his thoughts, "I believe people are not expected ever to know who are the writers of articles and reviews in our daily papers; but I believe I shall not be far wrong in thanking you for the very flattering notice of my daughter's book in the—"

"I assure you, Sir," stammered Thorold, "you have nothing to thank me for at all—nothing, nothing—"

"But I feel I *have*, my good friend. You have made an old man very proud—very proud and happy; and my daughter herself is full of gratitude. Indeed, I came here now in hopes that I may induce you to dine with us this evening at Eaton Square, and give her an opportunity of thanking you herself."

Poor Thorold attempted some bungling apologies and excuses, but the Colonel would hear of none. Dinner was to be at seven; only one or two friends, and his house was No. —.

Our absent friend had all his life looked upon a dinner-party as one of the greatest earthly bores. He had never been to one without committing some grave error, such as coming in his strong boots, with a colored calico handkerchief, or without gloves; but he was hopelessly in for this one, and in silent despair he set about overhauling his wardrobe.

He looked particularly well in evening clothes, and, except for the slight omission of brushing his hair, no one could have said any thing but that he was a fine, handsome young fellow as he presented himself in the hall of Eaton Square five minutes before seven.

His watch, which had only been set going for the occasion, was too fast, and none of the company had arrived. The Colonel was the sole occupant of the drawing-rooms. They were luxuriantly furnished, immense fires were burning in the highly polished grates, the chandeliers were a blaze of light. There was a luxurious scent of Indian sandal-wood and rose leaves; but the dreaded meeting with the Gorgon lay before him, and Thorold's heart felt like a snow-ball beneath his ribs. Yes, she was coming; he heard the well-known, strong-minded footstep on the stairs. He stood up, and absently lifting the Colonel's shining poker raked the fire with vigor. The door opened; it was not the Gorgon this time. It was a child—a fine curly-headed, high-spirited boy—who bounced in leaving the door wide open behind him.

"Well, Jack, my boy," cried the Colonel, stretching out his arms skirmishingly, "is Aunt Mary never coming down? run up and tell her Mr. Thorold has arrived."

"She is coming, uncle—she is following me." There was no mistake about it this time. He heard the rustle of silk and muslin on the staircase outside, and the sound of a footstep, and like a great coward as he was, George turned his face to the wall.

The Colonel's genial voice recalled him to his senses in time to see her enter. The chandelier spun round and emitted a pale phosphorescent light; the Indian gods laughed on their pedestals. The Colonel had ten heads and a thousand tongues, for the Martyr of Paul de la Roche had floated in at the open doorway, and laid her hand in his.

"My daughter, Mr. Thorold. Are you old friends, or must I introduce you?"

"Old friends," replied the Martyr, with the smile of an enchantress, "at least we have seen each other often enough to feel as such." She sat down on the cover of the velvet sofa, and motioned to George to take the chair next her; but he, stunned and helpless, remained rooted to the wall.

There was some grand mistake somewhere; perhaps he had gone into the wrong house; perhaps the Colonel was somebody else; perhaps he was not himself, and ought to explain how it happened, but more guests were arriving, and explanations were impossible.

He was desired by the Colonel to take Miss Lawrence down to dinner; she slipped her hand within his arm, and the great snow-ball at his heart instantly began to thaw. He knew that she was beside him through dinner-time, but how all this wonderful transformation had happened he could not unravel.

During the pauses in the conversation he tried to think it out, which absence of mind caused some fatal blunders—Miss Lawrence asked him for a glass of water; he poured it out, bowed, and drank it himself; when his soup-plate was removed, he helped himself to an orange off the dessert dish opposite to him, and began to peel it as if it were an apple; and when the ladies rose after dinner, he accompanied them to the drawing-room.

Once up stairs he discovered his mistake, but was too shy to return. Miss Lawrence, however, did not seem in the least put out; on the contrary, taking him a little aside, she said she was glad to have a quiet moment to thank him for his most flattering review.

George blushed till his very ears tingled, for out of the chaos of his mind rose up the midnight conflict for truth, and the nature of the review he had written.

"I am sure," he hesitated, "it is I who ought to feel flattered, Madam, at your condescension in dedicating your book to—so unworthy an object."

Miss Lawrence looked puzzled, she walked over to the table and took up a book in her hand.

"Why," she said, with a little laugh, "do you call poor Jack an 'unworthy object?' Come over here, Jack, and show yourself; I can tell you he's one of the best boys, and cleverest boys, in the world, only he doesn't know a snail from a caterpillar; but now that I've written a natural history on purpose for him, he ought to learn it—ought he not, Mr. Thorold?" Jack rubbed his curly head against her arm, and stared, open-mouthed, at the tall intruder.

"There," continued Miss Lawrence, handing the volume she had lifted from the table to poor George, "there—that copy is for you, with the author's compliments. I have written your name on the fly-leaf."

George knew the cover well, but he opened it, nevertheless; the title-page, too, was familiar, "A Chase after Butterflies for very dull Children: dedicated to my dull Nephew Jack, by Miss Lawrence;" but as he read it again, scales seemed to fall from his eyes—the clew to the labyrinth was found—Miss Lawrence was not the Gorgon, neither was the Gorgon Miss Lawrence, neither had Miss Lawrence written a bad book, nor the Gorgon a good one. The dedication he had hugged in guilty happiness for a few hours had been the cobra's subtle snare. Now in good truth he held something more precious to his heart—not a few words in cold type over a volume of worthless rubbish, but his own name, in her own handwriting, on a book full of the first bright thoughts of an innocent young heart.

Little remains now to be added to my story; for, from this evening out, all went as smoothly as a marriage-bell.

When I returned to town, a happy man myself, and longing that others should follow my good example, I met George Thorold in the street—his hat was on the top of his head; his swallow-tails had disappeared with the birds from whom they took their name; the satin stock had given place to a neat neck-tie. The good fairy, in the Pantomime of Life, had waved her wand over them, and all was changed.

He was going to be married in a week; some explanations ensued. I had to learn the history of the books, of the midnight temptation, and the dinner-party, with the happy issue. I wished my friend joy with all my heart, and accepted an invitation for my wife and self to witness the ceremony.

The morning was fine, the church was crowded, the bridesmaids were charming, the bride was divine, but, alas! at the last moment it was discovered the bridegroom had forgotten the ring. The bride only laughed; it was plain to see she would make him a happy man, every one who looked at her could see that: but the circumstance, trivial in itself, only proved that, to the end of the chapter, poor George must still lay claim to the title of "Our Absent Friend."

SERGEANT GONZALES, A PARAGUAYAN SOLDIER.

MARSHAL CAXIAS, COMMANDER OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN PARAGUAY.

A PARAGUAYAN SENTINEL AT HIS POST.

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.

IT is now very evident that the fall of Humaita was not the end of the war which has been so fiercely waged for four years between the small Republic of Paraguay on the one side, and the great empire of Brazil, assisted by the Republic of Uruguay and the Argentine Confederation, on the other. Driven from the strong position of Humaita, LOPEZ moved up the river to Villeta within twenty miles of the capital, Asuncion; here by recent accounts he has been attacked in force, but repelled his assailants with heavy loss. It is reported that the Allies were about to attempt a flank movement on Asuncion; but the success of such strategy is very doubtful, for even if CAXIAS reaches Asuncion he will find it a heap of ruins; and depending, as he must, on the iron-clad fleet for the daily sustenance of his troops, with LOPEZ on his flank and rear cutting off all other supplies, the capital will be a prize too highly paid for. These after all are only conjectures; what we do know is, that the Paraguayans are still making a gallant stand; and that the Triple Alliance, which had more than one weak point at its inception, is showing signs of disruption. SARMIENTO, President of the Argentine Confederation, has proposed terms of peace to LOPEZ, and DOM PEDRO has in consequence threatened to withdraw his envoy. If this be true the Treaty is broken, and LOPEZ will make peace with his enemies in detail; but whether finally successful or not, the Paraguayans have shown themselves a brave and warlike people.

Individual instances of courage are never wanting in any protracted war; but if our readers will look at our sketch of the prisoner on this page, they will see the portrait of as brave a fellow as ever fought for home and freedom.

GONZALEZ was a Sergeant in the Paraguayan army who fought alone against ten Brazilian soldiers, but at last was induced to surrender; and when asked why he had fought against such unequal odds, answered: "I fought becanse I am valiant, as are all Paraguayans."

The other sketch is of a Paraguayan soldier on his post as sentry. The feeling of awe in which the Dictator LOPEZ is held, an occurrence on board the English gun-boat *Doterel* will exemplify. This vessel had rescued some unfortunates from the wreck of the steamer *Marques de Olinda* in July, 1865. One of the Paraguay-

SPAIN—SIGNATURE AT MADRID OF THE PETITION FOR THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

ans had his abdomen pierced by a rifle-ball, and was suffering acutely from peritonitis (inflammation of the bowels), which caused him to groan in his anguish, when another prisoner, a sergeant, approached him and in the Guarani language thus harangued him: "Dog of a bad Paraguayan! are you not ashamed to let the enemies of your country hear you complain, and give them reason to laugh at you? The glory of having been wounded fighting for that country does not appear sufficient without crying for sympathy in your sufferings! Do not let me hear another groan from you or I shall report you to the highest power," meaning, of course, Field-Marshal LOPEZ. From that moment the poor sufferer never uttered a moan, although he died in four hours afterward, evidently in dreadful torture. Some might call this "stolidity or stupidity;" to us it appears the perfection of discipline, and a manifestation of great moral and physical courage.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

GIACOMO ANTONELLI, Cardinal, Secretary of State, President of the Ministerial and State Council of the Papal States, Prefect of the Apostolic Palaces, and President of the Congregation in connection with St. Paul's Cathedral, was born at Sonnino, near Terracina, Italy, April 2, 1806. On account of the ability which he displayed as a student in the great seminary of Rome, he was raised to the prelacy by Pope GREGORY XVI., received the appointment of Recorder of one of the superior criminal courts, was sent as delegate to Ovieto, Viterbo, and Macerato, and subsequently received the Cardinal's hat. After the death of GREGORY, he became the confidential adviser of the present Pope, PIO NONO, who appointed him Under-Secretary of State for the Interior, and Minister of Finance to the second Apostolic Exchequer. In 1849, after the Pope's arrival at Gaeta as a fugitive, the Cardinal was made Secretary of State, and has held this position ever since.

In connection with our portrait of the Cardinal, we publish the following extract from the diary of an ex-Jesuit, giving an account of an interview between the writer and the Cardinal in 1864:

"Cardinal ANTONELLI dwells in the Vatican, one story higher than the Pope, and his visitors are obliged to ascend six flights of stairs. In the ante-room, one meets with a mixed throng of the greatest variety; priests, abbots, bishops, zouaves, and people of all callings, sit here together. A prebendary, in a long black robe, acts as usher. He sits down at my side, tells me of the last illness of his Holiness, and, finally, enters into a tedious conversation about the fine arts, during which he praises SASOFERATO as the real Madonna painter.

"At last, after impatient waiting and anxious anticipation, the dreaded moment arrived at which my humble self was to be announced. His Eminence had been long since in possession of my credentials. As soon as the prebendary opened the fatal door, and I was about to exclaim, 'Scusi, Emineza, la mia liberta, ma essendo a Roma—' a black coil suddenly thrust itself toward me, as if sent forth from a rebounding spring; I was seized by both hands, and a pair of jet-black eyes were fixed upon me with a piercing gaze.

"'Mon cher! Mon cher!'

"I felt as though I had been suddenly attacked.

"The cabinet of His Eminence is extremely small. A secretary, behind which the Cardinal sits, occupies the greater part of the room; and between the secretary and the window two or three chairs, at most, can be placed. The audiences granted by His Eminence are therefore *tête-à-têtes*. I sat down—two hands seized the long black robe with red lace, and carefully adjusting it in the usual folds for sitting, and the black coil receded. Then one hand placed the red cap properly upon the head, and the conference with His Eminence had begun.

"The broken French which vibrated through the air offended my delicate ear, and I therefore several times attempted to converse in the Italian language; but my Italian was not heeded by the Secretary of State of PIO NONO, he interrupted me again and again in French. Sainted MEZZOFANTI!

"The Cardinal since 1850 has been Prime Minister of the Ecclesiastical State, in daily concourse with French diplomatists and officers, almost suffocated with French correspondence, and yet he handled the language like a porter or a cicerone, to say nothing of his pronunciation.

"Those who have not seen Cardinal ANTONELLI would find it difficult to believe that such a face exists. His Eminence might safely be sent through the entire Roman Catholic world to recruit believers as soldiers in a crusade for the Holy Father. Every believer would step aside, and every policeman inquire for his passport. His face is divided into two halves, which must have been brought together from two distinct periods in the history of creation. The upper half is Egyptian or Asiatic; beneath black hair roll in large circles a pair of restless eyes. But if we consider them from a physical stand-point we find them exquisitely beautiful; they are light-colored, bright upon very dark ground; they are the beautiful eyes of the beast of prey of the desert; but their uncertainty and continual motion, their perpetual rolling, shooting, and darting, are so demoniacal that we need wish no better eyes for the actor of Mephistopheles. They are the eyes of a Sphinx, in which lurks the embryo of a human soul not yet in existence; they are the first opening of progressive nature striving to become human, but unable to do so for the want of one single attribute, and therefore mysterious, terrifying, awe-inspiring. Just at the moment when we would clothe familiarity with devout love we are overcome and made to shudder. The lower part of the face is yet further back in past ages at least two hundred thousand years. At the time when that mouth and that chin were created there were no human beings upon the earth. Every thing was still gigantic and amphibious. Those muscles of the face show what must have been the business of those breathers of fire air—they go constantly to and fro seeking whom they may devour, even though no prey is in sight. The corners of the mouth travel back and forth continually as far as the ear. A new horror seizes us every time the mouth is opened. But Cardinal ANTONELLI has beautiful teeth, which are constantly exposed to view.

"Thus sat before me the last incarnation of the Roman ecclesiastical polity. My eyes, to escape from that mouth of the primeval world, flew up toward the Egyptian eyes, and now I understood with terror the black pupils which so passionately moved in a circle. They fix themselves for a destructive leap, they encompass and twine around their selected victim, and as soon as the prey writhes in the claws of love it is thrust between those teeth, whence there is no deliverance.

"What was the subject of our conversation? Of course, dear reader, we did not express our real thoughts. He bombarded me with his sphinx-like eyes while I fixed in my mind his portrait. I heard, as in a dream, something about Rome; the magnitude of her objects of art; then I heard myself saying, 'Rome is a Paradise, a Sisyphus; the fine arts cost much labor; my eyes were dazzled with the sun of beauty.'

"Once I was aroused somewhat from my dream by hearing the Cardinal speak of the care which the Papal dynasty had always bestowed upon the fine arts, or when he spoke of things yet to transpire, viz., the extension of the Christian museum in the Lateran. I was the more astonished when I heard him say that RAPHAEL's paintings in the Vatican would not be restored, but copied. 'Une bonne idée,' I replied.

"The Roman restorations of art are just as bad as their restorations of political affairs. I told the Cardinal about MAILAUD, about the Lord's Supper of LEONARDO DA VINCI; I lamented the barbarity of the French, who behaved as badly there as the legions of the Mumii at Corinth.

"Sneeringly, and exhibiting his teeth, His Eminence remarked that the grand army of NAPOLEON I. had encamped in the arcades of the picture-gallery, and that we could not know

GIACOMO ANTONELLI.

WRECK OF THE "UNITED STATES," ABOVE CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

what might yet happen. It seemed to give him a tiger-like joy to scandalize the French.

"The Vatican and the picture-gallery came next. I remarked that the most magnificent painting in the Vatican was the 'The Murder of the Innocent Infants.' He listened attentively. This picture seemed to be entirely unknown to him. I relieved him of his embarrassment by saying that RAPHAEL's 'Transfiguration' eclipsed all of the other paintings there, which lie before that tetrarch of paintings like innocent infants. He exclaimed, loudly, 'Vouz avez raison! vouz avez raison!' which he repeated at least six times.

"I was in a perfect agony, for I verily imagined that he was about to embrace and kiss me. Then I would have been lost.

"Finally I arose and asked his pardon for having intruded upon his precious time in such a trifling manner. He neighed very pleasantly. Thrice he grasped my hand, assured me of his favor, and declared that all my desires during my stay in the Institutum Germanicum, ay, in Rome itself, as far as the sciences, the libraries, etc., were concerned, should be gratified.

"I was delivered—dismissed. The prebendary and the throng of servants in the ante-room made me bows of ninety degrees. Why? My watch answered the query. I had spent an hour in the cabinet of the all-powerful Cardinal."

ABOLITIONISM IN MADRID.

THE recent elections for members of the Spanish Cortes has resulted in the triumph of the Monarchical party; Seville and Barcelona, however, have elected Republican members. It remains to be seen whether the decision which the Cortes are sure to give will be peacefully acquiesced in by the people. Among the other reforms which have grown out of the revolution is the movement for the abolition of slavery in the Spanish colonies. We give on page 44 an illustration representing the citizens of Madrid signing a petition for the accomplishment of this end. In Cuba, between 1858 and 1862, there were liberated 9461 slaves. Many are liberated every year by private document, and many children of slaves are registered as free, their liberty being obtained by gift of the masters or by the payment of $25 before birth. The census of 1862 gave the number of slaves in Cuba as 436,495. In Porto Rico there were in 1860 41,736 slaves and 241,142 free blacks; the slaves constituting about one-fourteenth of the entire population of the island.

WRECK OF THE "UNITED STATES" AT CINCINNATI.

IN our paper for December 26 we published an illustration and descriptive account of the disaster which occurred on the Ohio December 4, resulting in the destruction of the *United States*, one of the finest steamers that navigated that river. On page 45 we present our readers a view of the wreck of this steamer as it now lies exposed to view above Cincinnati, where it is daily visited by thousands of people.

FROM A LONG-ESTABLISHED AND WELL-KNOWN HOUSE.—"We have sold BURNETT'S EXTRACTS (for cooking purposes) for several years, and believe them equal to any we have had hitherto, and find them gradually growing in the public favor." ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, Grocers. NEW YORK, *September* 8, 1868.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Sole Proprietors, 592 Broadway, New York; 27 Central Street, Boston.

These Extracts are for sale every where.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS are the theme of admiration of all who have seen them.—*Boston Critic.*

FINE YOUTH'S PAPER.—The *Youth's Companion*, in its new form of eight pages, is one of the handsomest weeklies published. The first Number, just issued, is filled with a great variety of delightful reading—has fine illustrations—and, taken as a whole, is certainly a most attractive sheet for either young or old. Many years ago, when it was first published by Mr. WILLIS, many boys and girls thought there was no reading to be compared with it, but this Number shows that while it has grown in years it has also grown in vigor, interest, and brilliancy. It is for sale by all newsdealers.

PLANTATION BITTERS are especially recommended to clergymen, public speakers, and persons of literary habits and sedentary life, who require clear mental faculties, which can only be obtained by a relish for food, and a perfect digestion. Delicate females are certain to find in these Bitters health and strength.—*Tribune.*

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.

DYSPEPSIA TABLETS cure Indigestion, Heartburn, and Sour Stomach. Fifty Cents per Box. Mailed for 60c. Sold by druggists. S. G. WELLING, 571 Broadway.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRAND DUCHESS, BELLE HELENE, and fifteen other popular Operas, complete for Piano-forte Solo, with Overture and whole of music. Fifty Cents each. Complete Oratorios, and large collections of Vocal and Piano-forte Music, in Books, Fifty Cents each. The cheapest and most extensive catalogue of modern music in the world. Also, just ready, free to any address, Boosey & Co.'s Catalogue of their newest publications in full sheet or music-size form.
BOOSEY & CO., 644 Broadway, N. Y.

$325 A MONTH, AND EXPENSES.—28 new articles. H. B. SHAW, ALFRED, ME.

THE
Union Pacific
RAILROAD COMPANY
OFFER A LIMITED AMOUNT OF THEIR
First Mortgage Bonds
AT PAR.

NINE HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILES of the line west from Omaha are now completed, and the work is going on through the winter. As the distance between the finished portion of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads is now less than 400 miles, and both companies are pushing forward the work with great energy, employing over 30,000 men, there can be no doubt that the whole

GRAND LINE TO THE PACIFIC
Will be Open for Business in the Summer of 1869.

The regular Government Commissioners have pronounced the Union Pacific Railroad to be FIRST-CLASS in every respect, and the Special Commission appointed by the President says:

"Taken as a whole, THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD HAS BEEN WELL CONSTRUCTED, AND THE GENERAL ROUTE FOR THE LINE EXCEEDINGLY WELL SELECTED. The energy and perseverance with which the work has been urged forward, and the rapidity with which it has been executed, are without parallel in history, and in grandeur and magnitude of undertaking it has never been equaled." The Report states that any deficiencies that exist are only those incident to all new roads, and that could not have been avoided without materially retarding the progress of the great work. Such deficiencies are supplied by all railroad companies after the completion of the line, when and wherever experience shows them to be necessary. The Report concludes by saying that "the country has reason to congratulate itself that this great work of national importance is so rapidly approaching completion under such favorable auspices."

Besides a donation from the Government of 12,800 acres of land per mile, the company is entitled to a subsidy in U. S. Bonds on its line as completed and accepted, at the average rate of about $29,000 per mile, according to the difficulties encountered, for which the Government takes a second lien as security. The company have already received $22,158,000 of this subsidy, of which $1,280,000 was paid December 6th, and $640,000 December 14th.

Government Aid—Security of the Bonds.

By its charter the company is permitted to issue its own FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS to the same amount as the Government Bonds, *and no more.* These Bonds are a First Mortgage upon the whole road and all its equipments. Such a mortgage upon what, for a long time, will be the only railroad connecting the Atlantic and Pacific States, takes the highest rank as a safe security.

The price for the present is PAR, and accrued interest at 6 per cent. from July 1, 1868, in currency.

Subscriptions will be received in New York,

At the Company's Office,
No. 20 Nassau Street,
and by
John J. Cisco & Son, Bankers,
No. 59 Wall Street,
and by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States.

Bonds sent free, but parties subscribing through local agents will look to them for their safe delivery.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,
DECEMBER 15TH, 1868. New York.

SPIT, SPIT;
HAWK, HAWK. Why don't you use WOLCOTT'S ANNIHILATOR—pint bottles $1—and get rid of Catarrh? 'Tis sold by all druggists.

A GOOD THING.—A PICTORIAL MAGAZINE OF HUMAN SCIENCE, for 1869, containing Ethnology, Physiology, Phrenology, Physiognomy, and Psychology; their application to HUMAN IMPROVEMENT—Physically, Intellectually, and Spiritually. THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is only $3 a year; or, to Clergymen and to clubs of ten, only $2; with either of Harper's Periodicals, only $6. Address
S. R. WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

It is a first-class family journal.—*N. Y. Evening Post.* Edited with marked ability.—*Christian Inquirer.* Very instructive.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.* Always up to a high standard of literature.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.* Filled with valuable matter.—*Examiner.* Deservedly popular all over the land.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

AGENTS WANTED. Liberal Premiums given.
SAMPLE NUMBER, THIRTY CENTS.

ARTIFICIAL GEMS AND JEWELRY.
Diamonds, Pearls, Rubies, Sapphires, & Emeralds
(Set in GOLD and SILVER) that can not be distinguished in wear from real Jewels;
AMBER AND JET.
AT 808 BROADWAY, OPPOSITE ELEVENTH STREET.
P. H. MAGAURAN.

DUNHAM & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANO-FORTES.
WAREROOMS,
No. 831 Broadway, New York.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
A WEEKLY PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THE FAMILY.

Illustrated by Finely-Executed Cuts.

It is an eight-page paper, and, without exception, the Largest and Cheapest Youth's Publication in the country.

Some of the most Fascinating and Brilliant Writers contribute to its columns, among whom are

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
E. STUART PHELPS,
MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
PAUL DU CHAILLU, and others.

Its articles are mostly original, thoroughly practical in their character, wide-awake, and entertaining.

Subscription price, $1 50 a year. For sale by all Newsdealers. *Price, Four Cents Single Copy.*

With a circulation of nearly 50,000 each week, the *Companion* is one of the best mediums for *advertising* in New England. For Terms, address T. C. EVANS, Advertising Agent, 106 Washington Street, Boston.

PERRY MASON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

An Agent's Book.

LOSSING's 1812.

AGENTS WANTED
FOR
LOSSING'S PICTORIAL HISTORY
OF THE
WAR OF 1812.

TO BE COMPLETED IN TWELVE FORTNIGHTLY NUMBERS.
FIFTY CENTS A NUMBER.
Nearly 1000 Illustrations.

PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812; or, Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the Last War for American Independence. By BENSON J. LOSSING. With 883 Engravings on Wood, by Lossing and Barritt, chiefly from Original Sketches by the Author. 1088 pages, 8vo.

The Cheapest and Handsomest Subscription-Book ever Published.

This superb illustrated work, similar in plan to the author's *Field-Book of the Revolution*, forms a continuation of the history of our country from the close of the Revolution, in 1783, to the end of the second war with Great Britain, in 1815. It is the most perfect, attractive, and useful volume, and indeed the only one on the subject ever offered to the public.

NOS. I. & II. NOW READY.
Specimen Numbers sent postpaid on receipt of 35 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

MUSIC OMNIBUS.
1000 of the best Songs, Polkas, Schottisches, Waltzes, Quadrilles, Dances, Cotillions, with calls and figures for dancing written out in full, arranged for the
VIOLIN, FLUTE, FIFE, CLARIONET, &c.
Price, $1 25. Mailed.
FREDERICK BLUME, 1125 BROADWAY, 2d door above 25th St. Branch, 208 Bowery.

SOZODONT.

An Eminent Chemist says:

489 BROADWAY, N. Y., *July* 5, 1866.

I have made a chemical analysis of the preparation for the teeth known as "SOZODONT," for Messrs. HALL & RUCKEL, the object of the analysis being to ascertain whether it contains substances detrimental to the teeth or gums.

An impartial sample of the "SOZODONT" was purchased by me personally from a leading Drug House of this city, and carefully analyzed for acids and other corrosive or injurious ingredients likely to have a detrimental action on the teeth or gums, but nothing of an objectionable character was found in its composition. JULIUS G. POHLE, M.D., *Analytical Chemist,* Late of Dr. JAS. R. CHILTON & Co.

TILTON'S STATIONERY.
Initial Stamping done without extra Charge.

OUR BOXES: THE BISMARCK BOX, filled with assorted sizes of paper, with envelopes to match. THE PARISIAN BOX, French papers of different patterns and sizes, with envelopes to match.

Price of either Box, $1 00.
Stamped with any initial desired, and
SENT BY MAIL,
postpaid, on receipt of price. Address orders to
TILTON & COMPANY,
161 Washington St., Boston.

IMPROVED ALUMINIUM BRONZE HUNTING-CASED WATCHES.

$500.

I will cheerfully give the above amount to any one who can surpass my imitation of Gold Watches. Description of metal and goods sent free on demand.

Prices, from $16 to $22.

They are sent C. O. D., with charges. Address JULES D. HUGUENIN VUILLEMIN, No. 44 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Call and examine for yourselves.

MAGIC, MYSTERY, & MIRTH, Sent free on receipt of a stamp, by W. HEPBURNE, 102 Nassau St., New York.

STATE RIGHTS for sale of a valuable Patent lately secured—a fortune in any State. Address INVENTOR, Box 2438, New York. Sample $2.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
1869 MAGAZINE. WEEKLY. BAZAR. 1869

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar. These three periodicals fully merit the high encomiums which they have received from the press, and the support which has been given them by the reading public. Whether one considers their beautiful and instructive illustrations, which leave untouched no subject of domestic or foreign importance—their literary merit, which has given them the highest place in the current literature—or their judicious editorial management—they must be emphatically pronounced the three best family periodicals in the world.—*The Advance: Chicago.*

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

"Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the world."

Harper's Magazine.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*New York Observer.*

It is one of the wonders of journalism—the editorial management of HARPER'S.—*Nation.*

It meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructing variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

HARPER'S furnishes by far more reading-matter for the money than any American magazine; and we think we may safely say that it has no peer as a family magazine in the world.—*Packard's Monthly*, Jan., 1869.

In this specialty of illustrated articles HARPER'S stands unrivaled and unapproached, nor has its superiority been abused, since the artistic excellence of its cuts has been as steadily improved and as carefully studied as if it were pushed by competition.—*New York Times.*

"A complete Pictorial History of the Times."

Harper's Weekly.
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

The model newspaper of our country—complete in all the departments of an American family paper—HARPER'S WEEKLY has earned for itself a right to its title, "A Journal of Civilization."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

This paper furnishes the best illustrations. Our future historians will enrich themselves out of HARPER'S WEEKLY long after writers and printers and publishers are turned to dust.—*New York Evangelist.*

The articles upon public questions which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY from week to week form a remarkable series of brief political essays. They are distinguished by clear and pointed statements, by good common-sense, by independence and breadth of view. They are the expression of mature conviction, high principle, and strong feeling, and take their place among the best newspaper writing of the time.—*North American Review.*

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

Harper's Bazar.

A Supplement containing numerous full-sized Patterns of useful articles accompanies the paper every fortnight, and occasionally an elegant Colored Fashion Plate.

HARPER'S BAZAR contains 16 folio pages of the size of HARPER'S WEEKLY, printed on superfine calendered paper, and is published weekly.

HARPER'S BAZAR contains, besides pictures, patterns, etc., a variety of matter of especial use and interest to the family; articles on health, dress, and housekeeping in all its branches; its editorial matter is specially adapted to the circle it is intended to interest and instruct; and it has, besides, good stories and literary matter of merit.—*New York Evening Post.*

It has the merit of being sensible, of conveying instruction, of giving excellent patterns in every department, and of being well stocked with good reading-matter.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

To dress according to HARPER'S BAZAR will be the aim and ambition of the women of America.—*Boston Transcript.*

TERMS FOR 1869:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year......$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year...... 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year...... 4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to pre-pay the United States postage.

Subscribers to the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription expires. Each periodical is stopped when the term of subscription closes. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

In ordering the MAGAZINE, the WEEKLY, or the BAZAR, the name and address should be clearly written. When the direction is to be changed, both the old and the new one must be given.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $250; Half Page, $125; Quarter Page, $70—each insertion; or, for a less space, $1 50 per Line, each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

THE

GREAT AMERICAN

TEA COMPANY

RECEIVE THEIR TEAS BY THE CARGO FROM

THE *BEST TEA DISTRICTS* OF

CHINA AND JAPAN,

and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.
MIXED (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 20 per lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25; best, $1 50 per lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20 cents, 25 cents, 30 cents, 35 cents; best, 40 cents per pound.

Hotels, saloons, boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our

FRENCH BREAKFAST AND DINNER COFFEE,

which we sell at the low price of 30 cents per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

ROASTED (unground), 30c., 35c.; best, 40c. per lb.

GREEN (unroasted), 25c., 30c., 33c.; best, 35c. per lb.

CLUB ORDER.

PORTSMOUTH, MICH., *August* 26, 1868.

To the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York.*

GENTS: The people here will not let me alone. They say I have learned the road, and that I have got to send another order for them. So here you have it, in the shape of my seventh order since the 6th of May last, making five hundred and forty-four dollars and sixty-four cents I have sent you since that date.

Hoping this will be as good as former packages, I remain Yours, &c., JOHN W. HAWKINS.

10 lbs.	Uncol'd Japan	Mrs. Kempton	at $1 00	$10 00
5 "	Imperial	" "	at 1 25	6 25
3 "	Young Hyson	A. L. Cummings	at 1 25	3 75
2 "	Imperial	Elias Stephens	at 1 25	2 50
4 "	Coffee	J. L. Chapman	at 40	1 60
2 "	Gunpowder	O. A. Wattrous	at 1 50	3 00
4 "	Imperial	F. Taylor	at 1 25	5 00
4 "	Young Hyson	J. Hopkins	at 1 25	5 00
5 "	Coffee	"	at 30	1 50
6 "	Gunpowder	John Stephens	at 1 50	9 00
4 "	Young Hyson	Wm. H. Doraty	at 1 25	5 00
1 "	do. do.	H. Malone	at 1 25	1 25
2 "	do. do.	N. Newcomb	at 1 25	2 50
4 "	do. do.	Noah Campbell	at 1 25	5 00
3 "	Gunpowder	Judge Miller	at 1 50	4 50
4 "	do.	A. Gale	at 1 50	6 00
2 "	Imperial	Mrs. Bird	at 1 25	2 50
				$74 35

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than Thirty Dollars had better send a Post-office Draft or Money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packages for clubs of less than Thirty Dollars.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

N.B.—Inhabitants of villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one third (besides the Express charges) by sending directly to

"THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY."

CAUTION.—As some concerns, in this city and other places, imitate our name and style of advertising and doing business, it is important that our friends should be very careful to write our address in full, and also to put on the number of our Post-Office Box, as appears in this advertisement. This will prevent their orders from getting into the hands of *bogus imitators*.

POST-OFFICE Orders and Drafts make payable to the Order of

"THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY."

Direct Letters and Orders as below (no more, no less):

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street,
Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

100,000 Copies Sold of the

JUBILATE,

and 125,000 of the

HARP OF JUDAH.

Two admirable books of Sacred Music for Choirs, Singing-Schools, Musical Conventions, &c. By L. O. EMERSON. Every Choir and Singing-School should have them, for they will be sure of giving satisfaction. Price of each, $1 38. Sent postpaid. A liberal disconnt made on quantities. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston; C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, New York.

$25 KNITTING MACHINE.

WANTED!—Buyers and Sellers for the **BICKFORD FAMILY KNITTER**, the most reliable invention for the household ever made. It knits 20,000 stitches a minute, runs back and forward, and sets up its own work. Parties are making from $3 to $5 per day at their homes. Our new Book of Instructions is plain and explicit. BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE CO., 52 Bromfield St., Boston, Ms.

NORTON & CO.,

AMERICAN BANKERS—Paris, France,

Will remove on the 15th of October to their new Offices under the Grand Hotel—No. 6 RUE SCRIBE. Travelling Americans will find every possible convenience in this new establishment. Letters of Credit cashed, and every attention guaranteed.

The Celebrated Imitation Gold

$15. HUNTING WATCHES. $20.

THE COLLINS OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Our superior Oroide Watches having recently been imitated, and worthless Watches sold in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other cities, represented as our Watches, we hereby caution the public against them, and give notice that we are in no way responsible for these bogus concerns, and only those purchasing directly from us can secure a genuine Watch of our manufacture. We have recently greatly improved our Oroide in appearance and durability; and, to protect the public from imposition hereafter, we have named it the

"COLLINS METAL,"

CASES OF THE COLLINS METAL (IMPROVED OROIDE).

and we give notice that any one making use of this name will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

This metal has all the brilliancy and durability of Gold; can not be distinguished from it by the best judges; retains its color till worn out, and is equal to gold excepting in intrinsic value. All our Gentlemen's Watches are *Full-Jeweled Patent Levers*; those for Ladies an improved Escapement, better than a Lever for a small Watch; all in Hunting-Cases, and fully guaranteed by special certificate. The $15 Watches are equal in neatness, style of finish, general appearance, and for time, to a Gold one costing $150. Those for $20 are of *extra* fine finish, and are fully equal to a Gold Watch costing $200. Chains of every style, from $2 to $6. Also, Jewelry of the Collins Metal in every style.

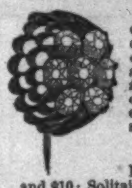
TO CLUBS:—Where Six Watches are ordered at one time, we will send one extra Watch free of charge.

Goods sent to any part of the United States by express, to be paid for on delivery. Money need not be sent with the order, as bills can be paid when goods are taken from the express office. Customers must pay all express charges. We employ no Agents; orders must therefore be sent directly to us. Customers in the city will remember that our *only Office* is

Nos. 37 and 39 Nassau Street, New York, Opposite the Post-Office (Up Stairs).

C. E. COLLINS & CO.

Alaska Diamonds.



The new ALASKA DIAMOND, or carbonized quartz, equal in brilliancy to the real diamond, mounted at our own factory, in artistic diamond settings, *guaranteed fine gold*, and sold by us at *one sixtieth* of the cost of real diamonds, to which they are equal in every respect except intrinsic value.

Look at our Price-List.

Ladies' Solitaire Finger-Rings, $8 and $10; Solitaire Ear-Drops, $5, $6, $10.
Cluster Finger-Rings, $5, $10, $12; Cluster Ear-Drops, $6, $12, $14.
Cluster Sets, $10 and $25; Cross Sets, $20 and $25.
Gents' Solitaire Pins, $3, $5, $8, $10, $15, $20; Rings, $8 and $10. Gents' Cluster Rings, $6, $10, and $12.
Cluster Pins, $10 and $12; with tail, $10; Cross Pins, $6, $10, and $15; Studs, per set, $3, $5, $10.

We do our business direct from our factory, located in a city which has a world-wide reputation for its fine jewelry.

Orders less than $5 should be accompanied with P. O. Order or Registered Letter, and the goods sent free. Exceeding that amount sent by express, C.O.D., customers paying all express charges. *A Large Discount to the Trade.* TRY US. Address

STANLEY, WHIPPLE, & CO., Providence, R. I.

VELOCIPEDE WHEELS.

MANUFACTURED BY

S. N. BROWN & CO., Dayton, Ohio.

They also make a prime article of Spokes and Hubs for light Carriage and Buggy Wheels. Send for Price-List.

"IT STILL WAVES."—The "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER." Look at Feb. Number. Stories, Wit, Fun, Humor, Riddles, Conundrums, Comic Pictures. 40 columns and 8 pages crammed full of splendid reading. Save your money by reading "Humbugs Exposed." That "$2 Sewing Machine" and "Dollar Music Box," Counterfeit Money Swindle, the "Butter" Humbug—all other Swindles and Humbugs—read about them in the "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" for Feb. Only 75 cents a year, and the splendid Engraving of "*Evangeline*" FREE TO ALL. Jan. No. can still be had. Now IS THE TIME. Send 75 cents and receive it a whole year. *Money refunded* to all not perfectly satisfied. Feb. Number, with Exposure of Swindles, &c., mailed for only Six Cents. Send for it. It will save you Dollars. Address

"STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," Hinsdale, N. H.

10TH THOUSAND HUNTER'S GUIDE AND TRAPPER'S COMPANION. How to hunt and trap all kinds of animals from Mink to Bear and Deer; to cure furs, make Traps and Boats. A Maine trapper writes: "It's worth $10. I've already with its help caught more game in two weeks than in all last winter." It will *pay* every Boy, Farmer, Hunter to have one. 9000 sold in two months. Only 25 cts.; Six for $1. Sent postpaid by the publishers,

HUNTER & CO., HINSDALE, N. H.

THE WILSON SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. *Cheaper than all others.* AGENTS WANTED. *Manufactured by* The WILSON SEWING MACHINE Co., Cleveland, O.

DON'T YOU DO IT!—Don't get up a Club for the One-Dollar-Sales Trade until you send for the NEW CIRCULAR of WOODRUFF, FENNO, & Co., OLD ONE DOLLAR STORE, 3½ TREMONT Row, BOSTON, MASS.

Full description of our immense stock.

Unprecedented inducements to Agents and Patrons.

75 YARDS Prime quality Sheeting for $10 and a Club of 100.

Other Clubs in proportion.

$10 A DAY FOR ALL. Stencil Tool samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

HITCHCOCK'S HALF DIME MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC, WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT.

NOW READY.

No. 1, Captain Jinks.
" 2, Won't you tell me Why, Robbin?
" 3, We'd Better bide a Wee.
" 4, Blue Eyes.
No. 5, Not for Joseph.
" 6, Good-bye Sweetheart
" 7, I Really Don't think I shall Marry.
" 8, Praise of Tears.
" 9, Champagne Charlie.

Other popular melodies and Piano Music in Press, Each of these pieces cover two pages, printed in large, clear type, with colored title page, on heavy Music paper. Can be had of News Dealers, and free, by mail, by enclosing five cents each to the Publisher,

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK,
98 Spring Street, New York.
Or 164 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address, SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.; BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

WANTED — AGENTS — To Sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE. Price $25. The simplest, cheapest and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to Agents. Address, AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

Honey, Glycerine, Elder Flower, Bouquet, and Palm.

In Quality, Style, and Perfume warranted equal to the English, and sold fully 50 per cent. cheaper, which accounts for the great falling off in the demand for the foreign soaps, and the unprecedented success of the AMERICAN COMPANY TOILET SOAPS, now sold every where in the United States.

McKEONE, VAN HAAGEN & CO., Sole Manuf'rs, PHILADELPHIA and NEW YORK.

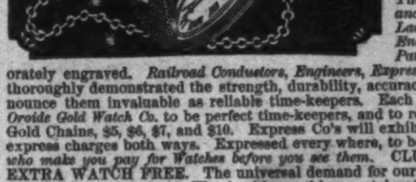
PARLOR FIREWORKS.—A new winter-evening amusement. Perfectly harmless. Price 25 cents per package. Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the price, by W. HEPBURNE, 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

WANTED.—SALESMEN TO TRAVEL for a Manufacturing Company, and sell by sample. Good wages guaranteed. Address, with stamp, H. D. HAMILTON & Co., 413 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"RENEW!" "RENEW!"—HARPER'S WEEKLY, $4 00, and the PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, $3 00, sent a year for $6 00 by S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT will cure the worst cases of chapped and cracked lips and hands in one night, producing a soft ripe color in the lips that nothing else will give.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS, $10, $15, $20, $25.



GENUINE OROIDE GOLD WATCH CO.,

Geneva, Switzerland,

Manufacture, on strictly scientific principles, style, finish, durability, and color (18 *carat gold*) a *fac-simile* of the most rare and costly description of *Gold Watches*. They are manufactured with Hunting Cases. *Ladies' and Gentlemen's* fine Swiss Movements, **$10** and **$15**; *Ladies' Chronometers*, **$20**; *Ladies' Patent Levers, Enameled*, **$20**; *Gentlemen's Fac-Simile Waltham Patent Levers*, **$20**; *Chronometer Balance*, **$25**. Elaborately engraved. *Railroad Condustors, Engineers, Expressmen*—the most exacting of our customers—have thoroughly demonstrated the strength, durability, accuracy, and utility of our celebrated watches, and pronounce them invaluable as reliable time-keepers. Each Watch warranted by special certificate from the *Oroide Gold Watch Co.* to be perfect time-keepers, and to retain their color *equal to gold*. Magnificent Oroide Gold Chains, $5, $6, $7, and $10. Express Co's will exhibit the Watch, &c., when requested, on receipt of express charges both ways. Expressed every where, to be paid for on delivery. *Don't send orders to parties who make you pay for Watches before you see them.* CLUBS FOR SIX WATCHES WILL RECEIVE AN EXTRA WATCH FREE. The universal demand for our specialties have induced unprincipled persons to counterfeit our inimitable Watch with worthless metal watches that *tarnish in a week*, claiming for them the reputation of our Oroide Gold Watches. JOHN FOGGAN, President Oroide Gold Watch Co.

Only Office in the United States No. 78 Nassau Street New York.

Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.

A purely literary pictorial. Excluding events of the day, its aim, as its title indicates, is to furnish amusement for the leisure hour. Its contents consist principally of original stories by able writers—including a serial, accounts of remarkable adventures, biographical sketches of self-made men—with portraits, descriptions of manners and customs in remote countries, short poems, fairy stories, enigmas, conundrums, charades, &c. Illustrated with large and spirited engravings, of which there are from fifteen to twenty in each weekly number.

Subscription price, $4 per year.

Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine.

The leading fashion periodical in America. Each monthly number contains a large colored plate of the latest fashions, from designs sent from Paris as soon as invented, which are thus published simultaneously in New York and Paris; also a four-page uncolored fashion-plate, embracing the various leading styles. These are accompanied with full descriptions and explanations, with numerous other illustrations. Every number contains an original letter from Paris describing the very latest *modes*, by a lady whose position gives her access to fashionable society. The literary portion of this Magazine comprises a continued story, numerous interesting tales, poetry, anecdotes, &c. The whole profusely illustrated with fine engravings. Subscription price, $3 50 per year.

Subscriptions should be sent to

FRANK LESLIE,
537 Pearl Street, New York City.

U.S. BLUE BOOK, a REGISTER OF ALL OFFICES, CLERKSHIPS, &c., under the U. S. Government, and the SALARIES. Price, in Cloth, $1; in Paper, 50c. Agents wanted in every City and Town. Sent to any address on receipt of price.

DIMMICK & CO., Publishers, 111 Fulton St., N. Y.

FRESH BUTTER 20 CTS. A POUND.

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE.

Two pounds of Butter can be made from one quart of milk in from 3 to 5 minutes, at a cost of 20 cents a pound, by the use of our INFALLIBLE BUTTER POWDER. Simple in operation, harmless in use.

Sent free to any address on receipt of price, $1—full directions. AGENTS WANTED every where to introduce this great economizer. Address

GOSHEN BUTTER CO., 102 Nassau St., New York.

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT OF THE

Novelty Iron Works,

Nos. 77 and 83 Liberty Street,
Cor. Broadway, New York.

Plain and Ornamental Iron Work of all kinds for Buildings.

WHY will you work for $1 50 per day, when you can make $50 a week in our new business? Can be done in-door, by either sex. We have 100 bran-new articles never before introduced, and wanted in every house. Samples sent on receipt of 10 cents. Address

WALTER HOLT & CO., 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

25 CENTS.—Now is the time to subscribe to "MAPLE LEAVES," the best, the most popular, and the cheapest monthly published. Each number contains matter of interest and importance to every body. 25 cents will pay for it from now to the end of 1869. Sample copies sent on receipt of stamp to pay postage. Address O. A. ROORBACH, 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

100 PHOTOGRAPHS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN sent, postpaid, for 25 cts. Send for Circulars. Address C. SEYMOUR, HOLLAND, New York.

The New Books of the Season

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

DILKE'S GREATER BRITAIN. Greater Britain: a Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries during the Years 1866 and 1867. By CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE. With Maps and Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

BELLOWS'S TRAVELS, Complete. The Old World in its New Face: Impressions of Europe in 1867-1868. By HENRY W. BELLOWS. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 50. *Vol. II. just ready.*

ABBOTT'S LIFE OF CHRIST. Jesus of Nazareth: his Life and Teachings; Founded on the Four Gospels, and Illustrated by Reference to the Manners, Customs, Religious Beliefs, and Political Institutions of his Times. By LYMAN ABBOTT. With Designs by Doré, De Laroche, Fenn, and others. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $3 50.

DU CHAILLU'S WILD LIFE UNDER THE EQUATOR. Wild Life under the Equator. Narrated for Young People. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU, Author of "Discoveries in Equatorial Africa," "Ashango Land," "Stories of the Gorilla Country," &c. With numerous Engravings. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

ROSS BROWNE'S APACHE COUNTRY. Adventures in the Apache Country: a Tour through Arizona and Sonora, with Notes on the Silver Regions of Nevada. By J. ROSS BROWNE, Author of "Yusef," "Crusoe's Island," "An American Family in Germany," "The Land of Thor," &c., &c. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, Beveled, $2 00.

BEECHER'S SERMONS. COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES. Sermons by HENRY WARD BEECHER, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Selected from Published and Unpublished Discourses, and Revised by their Author. In Two Volumes, 8vo. With Steel Portrait by Halpin. Cloth, $5 00.

DALTON'S PHYSIOLOGY. A Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene. For Schools, Families, and Colleges. By J. C. DALTON, M.D., Professor of Physiology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, N.Y. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth or Half Leather, $1 50.

SOL. SMITH'S THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT. Theatrical Management in the West and South for Thirty Years, interspersed with Anecdotical Sketches, Autobiographically given by SOL. SMITH, Retired Actor. With Fifteen Illustrations and a Portrait of the Author. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00; Paper, $1 50.

The New Novels.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN. By the Author of "Rachel's Secret," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM. A Love Story. By the Author of "John Halifax." Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

THE GORDIAN KNOT. By SHIRLEY BROOKS. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE MOONSTONE. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00; Paper, $1 50.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*